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We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications: and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

**NOTES OF THE WEEK.**

We suppose that since 1897 there has been no celebration of empire so felt and fervent as Quebec's—though these eleven years have been crowded with such events. During the week the great features of the founding and history of Canada have been presented at Quebec in scenes of great enthusiasm. On Thursday Champlain was honoured, on Friday Montcalm and Wolfe. The Prince of Wales landed on Thursday at the spot where Champlain laid the foundations of the city, labouring long, as Sir Wilfrid Laurier said in his address of welcome, against great difficulties "to plant in a savage wilderness Christianity and civilisation". There were several striking points in the Prince of Wales' reply: he spoke of the loyalty of the King's French-Canadian subjects in hard affairs long past as a great tribute to the "political genius of English rule".

Before the Quebec pageant is over Dover will be in the midst of hers. An historic incident connects the two. At Dover Charles I. will be shown landing with his Queen, Henrietta Maria. During the reign of Charles I. Quebec was taken by Kirke from Champlain. As the capture was actually effected after peace had been declared, the place ought to have been given up. Pressure was brought to bear on Charles not to haul down the English flag, and he actually held on to Quebec for three years. His Queen's dowry had not been paid in full by Louis XIII., and it was not until the balance of £80,000 was handed over by France that Charles sent out orders to Kirke to restore the fortress.

The Imperial Government apparently are prepared to pay the salary of which Dinizulu was deprived by the Natal Government when he gave himself up. What the authorities in Whitehall will do in the event

of the Natal Ministry refusing to pass the money on to their prisoner no one quite knows. Natal has treated Dinizulu as a Civil Servant under arrest, and contends that when the salary was guaranteed by the Colonial Office the circumstances that have arisen were never contemplated. That hardly seems conclusive. In the Colony itself opinion is sharply divided, and two opposing notices of motion have been given in the Assembly. One member proposes that in view of the reported intention of the Imperial Government, Natal should resume payment of the salary; another condemns the action of the Imperial Government as an unwarrantable interference likely to bring the whites in the Colony into contempt, and to encourage open hostility on the part of the natives. The incident is, to say the least, unfortunate from whatever point it may be looked at.

When we read the Prime Minister of Nepal's most graceful manifesto of thanks to the King and nation, probably most of us were surprised to find we had been for many weeks entertaining unawares a great Oriental, the peculiarly close friend to this country. Anglo-Indians of course know something about Nepal; but how many of us stay-at-homes do? The Prime Minister of Nepal, who has just left us, impressed everyone who met him with his very lively intelligence and wide knowledge. Our notables who had to lionise him were startled to find he could often tell them more than they could tell him: and could tell them in very good English. A Nepalese gentleman indeed.

It is too soon yet to know whether the reported mutinies in the Turkish Macedonian army will reach the stage of actual rebellion. There is a situation evidently of more than usual difficulty for the Sultan, but he is not unaccustomed to demonstrations among his soldiers, whose arrears have accumulated too long. The additional element now, however, is that the army is represented as being in the hands of the Young Turkey party and demanding the re-establishment of the Constitution of 1876. The Porte is strangely inactive, and the explanation is said to lie in the doubts about the loyalty of the Anatolian troops and the Albanians, who should be his mainstay in such a crisis. There is a new Vizier, Ferid Pasha being now suspect as an Albanian. The English and Russian proposals as to Macedonia must be affected by what is now happening. On Friday the Imperial Firman restoring the Constitution of 1876 was publicly read at Salonika; and an

Imperial Trade in the Turkish newspapers arranges for assembling a Chamber of Deputies.

It is satisfactory, we suppose, to hear from Lord Crewe that no further Army reductions are contemplated, at any rate just now; but we are not sanguine of the future. Clearly a determined effort at Army reduction has been made by the extremists in the Cabinet. But happily for the present Mr. Haldane has resisted. The inquisition—though the fact is denied in the Lower House—which Mr. Winston Churchill has been holding at the War Office is accounted for by Lord Crewe's statement that an enquiry into general expenditure in all departments has been going on. He concluded with the usual platitude that the Liberal Government was as anxious to maintain the defences of the country at the right pitch of strength and readiness as any Government could be. If this be so, all we can say is that they have a curious way of showing their zeal, since their policy so far has been one of persistent reduction.

It is a pity none of the Lords who wholeheartedly believe in old-age pensions but realise the grotesque defects in the Government plan spoke in the debate on Monday; unless, as we suspect, we may safely include in this number Lord Wolverhampton himself. As it was, the whole debate read like a chapter from one of Mr. Bryce's books; the premisses were all one way, the conclusions another. Every speaker's criticisms, if true at all, were true of old-age pensions in principle. If Lord Cromer, for instance, really believed that the "highest interest of the State" required the postponement of this Bill, he was bound to vote against the second reading; but he did not. No consideration of political expediency ought to stand against the "highest interest of the State". We do not agree with his view of pensions, but at least Lord Cromer and others would then have shown the courage of their opinions.

More important than his opinion on old-age pensions was Lord Cromer's prophecy of a war between this country and a first-class Power in the near future. Lord Cromer has been trained from a child in diplomacy. Few men's experience could give their reading of international symptoms such weight as Lord Cromer's experience gives to this utterance of his in the House of Lords. It is difficult to understand such a man saying such a thing *urbi et orbi*. One is tempted to wonder whether he would have done this when he was younger. But it is hardly possible to imagine Lord Cromer saying anything so serious unless after the utmost deliberation; which of course only adds to the gravity of his words. He could not have been saying more than he meant in order to drive home his argument against spending money on pensions. And it does not make matters lighter that everyone knows perfectly well what Power he was referring to.

Clause 1 of the Licensing Bill has simply been riddled with amendments and arguments voted down but not answered by the Government speakers. It is an alleged temperance Bill, but grocers' off-licences are not to be touched. They are not to come under the population scale nor to be charged with monopoly value. There is any amount of evidence against them. Sir Thomas Whittaker, who says he wants temperance above all things, admits that he urged the Government to include the off-licences. Various weak pretences were put forward why they could not be dealt with. The real reason is the same as for their tenderness with clubs. They have political expectations amongst shopkeepers and working men's clubs. Licence-holders they know will be against them in any case. Mr. Balfour brought this boasted temperance Bill to this—reduction and more police control of one class of liquor licences while the other two sources of intemperance are left almost wholly out of its scope. Hostility to a particular class of persons stands out conspicuous.

It is evident in the sweeping away of the special compensation allowed to the pre-1869 beerhouses by

Mr. Balfour in 1904. They at least were not under licences for one year only; but they are now to be swept into the confiscatory net. Then there was the amendment that licensing justices might transfer licences from a district where there are more than the scale allowance of public-houses to places where there are fewer. This was refused on the pretence that houses would be forced on districts which did not want them. But the real reason is that the Government is hunting after the monopoly value of new licences in the new districts. If the inhabitants objected, they could hinder the transfer just as they could hinder the granting of new licences. This assumed solicitude for local feeling is shown to be hollow in every line in the Bill. How the central Government arranges everything is seen in the contemptuous rejection of the amendment to allow more discretion in the case of rural districts, where the rigid scale of population is nothing but a device for overriding the wishes and convenience of the people.

Either Mr. Birrell has made a mistake about crime in Ireland or Mr. Justice Ross and Mr. Justice Kenny have made it: we know not how to put the thing in a more delicate way. Mr. Birrell is Chief Secretary; virtually he is head of the King's Government in Ireland; we must not imagine that he has deliberately stated what he knows is not a fact: the other two are judges of the High Court in Ireland; we must not imagine that they have done so either. So that a mistake has been made and nothing more. We wish that we could feel that the judges had made the mistake, for there is no satisfaction in knowing that agrarian crime is rampant in Ireland; but, alas, all the evidence goes to show that it is the Chief Secretary who has made the mistake. He declared in a speech last week that Ireland was a "cheerful land". Agrarian crime was not rife there. Speaking a few days later Mr. Justice Kenny said that the state of County Galway was "deplorable": since the Spring Assizes he could count 15 cases of firing into houses, 25 cases of threatening letters, 54 cases of boycotting. And this is the "cheerful land"! We wonder what Ireland wrapt in gloom would be like.

Perhaps it might be argued that, using the word "cheerful", the Chief Secretary had in mind not the boycottee but the boycotter; and, in the case of the houses fired into, not the game so much as the sportsman. That is no doubt a possible way of looking at regrettable disturbances. We note by the way that our old friend "regrettable" turns up once again in Mr. Birrell's remarks on cattle-driving. Clearly, he likes the definition; regards it as a terminological exactitude. But why is it *regrettable*? Mr. Birrell made no bones about this. Let us quote the following from the "Times" report, which Mr. Birrell has not contradicted: "Regrettable disturbances had happened in Ireland during the last two years associated with cattle-driving, a thing he never approved of, and which he cordially disapproved and regretted, because it had thrown and continued to throw great difficulties in his path." We dislike italics; but in a rare case they may be useful.

All that the hop growers can hope to get from the Liberal Government they asked in the deputation to Mr. Lloyd George. They know that nothing can help them but a duty which will prevent the deliberately planned ruin of English hop growing. One of the speakers said again that California had dumped down enormous quantities—not with a view of making a profit, but in order to ruin the hop-growing industry—at a price about half of what they cost to grow. Mr. Lloyd George replies that he can do nothing inconsistent with free trade, and goes off into statistics about the world drinking less beer. The deputation, knowing the futility of pressing for more, asked that the recommendations of the committee for marking foreign hops, and forbidding the use of hop substitutes in beer, should be made law. But Mr. Lloyd George only very equivocally promised to do even this, though he assured the deputation that he would do anything to save a grand old English industry from destruction.

Mr. Pete Curran's opinion of members of the House of Commons comes to this—that they are a poor lot. What is more serious, there is reason to fear that he himself has fallen off "intellectually" since he took his seat. The electors of Jarrow should send him on a trip round the world that he may recover tone. It is no light thing that a man should suffer moral and intellectual damage in trying to do his duty to his constituents by attending the House of Commons debates. The question was raised by Mr. Markham in the House on Tuesday. Mr. Markham wished to know whether Mr. Curran's statement was not a breach of privilege. May an M.P. say in a public speech that his colleagues are a bad lot? The Speaker directed that he might say so: he ruled that every M.P. is entitled to form his own views as to the company among which he sits. We all agree. It is a mere peddling question of taste whether a man expresses those views or not.

Sir Randal Cremer was of a school of Radicals that is now broken up. Somehow he irresistibly recalls Mr. Picton, and one associates him with the old Newcastle Programme style of politics; but international arbitration was of course his special line. Forty years ago he was urging it as "a more economical and more humane" way of settling quarrels than the way of war. No one could deny this proposition. It amounts really to this—peace is cheaper and kinder than war. The point however is that we cannot always be sure of getting peace instead of war unless we are ready to pay an extravagant price for it; and therefore we must be ready, if need be, for the ugly alternative. There may come a day when armaments will reach a high-water mark: they can hardly go on piling up for ever, the pile growing higher and higher every year. But peace societies and international arbitration talk will not stop it.

Sir Randal Cremer and his friends thought war to be a very wicked thing, besides a very wasteful. Unhappily, the evidence of history goes to show that without national rivalries there cannot be national manhood. Nations always falling into each other's arms would, it is to be feared, soon grow "soft". True, there has been a vast deal of this embracing business among European nations of late; but they wisely decide whilst love-making to wear a shirt of mail.

Mr. Asquith's leaven is at work which was intended to raise the mass of opposition amongst women to the suffragist movement. Amongst the reasons that Lady Haversham gave at the meeting for the starting of the National Anti-Suffrage League was that Mr. Asquith had called upon women to show whether there is or is not a demand for the franchise. Another reason, which one might have thought would have stirred the women who do not want the vote to action before, is the presumption of the suffragists who say that they represent the opinions of the majority of the women of the country. It is almost certain that they do not; and yet this is really the crux of the question. The new league will also prove that the suffragist boast of representing or being the intellectual fine flower of women is not true. Mr. Asquith knew what he was doing and he may smile with approval as he sees the new league beginning the work of routing the suffragist amazons.

The Devonport "latch-key" case has at last been settled by the Court of Appeal. Mr. Bell, the Revising Barrister, had before him 1,559 possessors of latch-keys who claimed as occupiers. Mr. Bell admitted in their favour evidence that it is the custom for the tenant of a house to let it off in parts to persons who are given latch-keys. He exercises no control over them, nor renders them any services. But he pays the rates. The Revising Barrister thought this general evidence was sufficient; but the Appeal Court has decided that evidence must be given as to the facts in each case. Whether Conservative or Liberal agents have more to gain by the decision depends on local conditions; but

it is hard on Revising Barristers not to be able to shorten their labours as Mr. Bell hoped and believed he was entitled to do.

The Sievier trial, which is fixed for next week, will have the Lord Chief Justice for judge. It is unusual for the "Chief" to preside at a Central Criminal Court trial, and it is a sign of the importance of the case. There were plenty of indications in the magistrate's court of the strong public feeling aroused by this trial. The incidents on the racecourse when the Eclipse Stakes was won by Mr. Joel and, later, when a horse of Mr. Sievier's ran are other indications. There will be a strong bar; and it is desirable that there should be a presiding judge of more than ordinary personal and official weight. It is surely a "record" that the trial takes place so soon after the committal by the magistrate.

The slander action by Mr. Roche against Sir Timothy O'Brien has been interrupted by the discharge of the jury before the case was heard through. A juror made the startling statement to Chief Baron Palles that Sir Timothy had, through a friend, attempted to influence him. The Solicitor-General then applied for an attachment for contempt of Court against Sir Timothy and evidence was heard in support of it. A conditional order was made, and it will be heard in the Irish King's Bench by several Judges after the vacation. The Chief Baron thought it would be better not to decide such a matter in a hurry or by himself alone.

Mr. Justice Neville has decided that the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants may contribute to the support of their members of Parliament who sign the constitution of the Labour party. This is described as a momentous decision; but it would have been more momentous if it had been the other way. It would have been awkward for the socialist section of the party who contribute very little money to it but control it out of all proportion. The objection taken to the funds of the society being used was that they ought only to be used in promoting trade union objects, and not to supporting the policy of a party whose ultimate object was socialism.

Mr. Justice Neville says in effect if a trade union can use its funds for members—and it is admitted they can—no clear line can be drawn between specific trade union objects and others. What affects one union will affect the members of other unions and the public. A member goes to Parliament to vote on his "conscience" and for "the best interests of his country", not in any allegiance to "party promises". Is this an example of "judicial ignorance" ironically assumed? An acute passage in the judgment shows how trade unionism and socialism may not be antagonistic. Grant that socialism made obsolete the functions of trade unionism as at present; trade unionism might still exist as a means of using political power in the interests of a trade against the general interests and welfare of the State. This sounds serious; but it seems good reasoning as to the legal right of the unions to act with a socialist party if they think fit.

The Archbishop of Canterbury, when the unfortunate Deceased Wife's Sister Bill was before the Lords, asserted his intention to try and make it work smoothly. Sir Lewis Dibdin, the head of the ecclesiastical judicature of the Church, on Thursday followed his example by deciding in the Court of Arches that, although these "alliances" are still condemned by the Church, a clergyman may not refuse the Holy Communion to those who make them. The Deceased Wife's Sister Act legalises such unions as civil contracts, but expressly provides that no clergyman in the Church of England shall be liable to any penalty or censure, whether civil or ecclesiastical, for anything done or omitted to be done by him in the performance of the duties of his office, to which he would not have been liable if "the Act in question" had "not been passed".

Sir Lewis Dibdin had nothing to say, in a considered judgment, as to his grounds for overthrowing the reasoning which underlies the decision (*Ray v. Sherwood*) which has hitherto been regarded as the leading case on the law of prohibited degrees. It is difficult to see what weight the present decision gives to the precise words of the Act of 1907, limiting its scope to the marriage with a deceased wife's sister "as a civil contract". Fortunately, the interpretation of statute-law belongs to the Courts of Common Law, and not to the Ecclesiastical Court, and it will be strange if an application is not made to the King's Bench Division to review the reading of the Arches Court by way of prohibition. Sir Lewis Dibdin before he became Dean of Arches posed as a lawyer and a Church champion. Now that he is a judge he becomes a politician.

The publication of the Duke of Devonshire's will disposes of a good deal of empty gossip. The net value of the property at his own disposal has been returned at over a million. There is a very fixed view among many people that big incomes are "wrong"; besides that, they are hurtful to the State. Of the question of the ethics of large incomes we need say nothing here; for one thing, it is quite interminable. But as to the question whether the State "scores" or not by the big incomes, can there really be doubt about it? To a Chancellor of the Exchequer, no matter whether he be Conservative or Liberal, there cannot be too many millionaires; and they cannot die off and be succeeded by fresh millionaires too often or too quick. And has not a Chancellor of the Exchequer the welfare of the State at heart?

Instead of being put to the trouble and cost of collecting death dues in miserable driblets from people who only die worth a thousand or two, the Treasury at a single stroke nets in its thousands! Viewed in this light the millionaire appears to be a pure patriot. There is so much said and printed to-day against the rich man whilst he is alive that it seems only fair to find a thing or two to say in his favour when he is dead.

The "Westminster Gazette" is so good a journal, pleasant alike to read and handle, that many people must have been glad to read certain statements this week about its future. It has been made secure—no small blessing in these days of newspaper chop and change. It will be conducted by the same skilled band that has conducted it for some years past. The Liberal party is really fortunate in its editor.

As the Local Government Board are inquiring into the question of house-flies as carriers of infection it does not sound so strange as it would otherwise that Sir James Crichton Browne should hope our grandchildren may have to be taken to the British Museum to see the only specimen of house-fly. There is a league to exterminate rats, and we may expect soon a league to exterminate flies. This would have been a great puzzle to our simple-minded fathers and mothers—to go no further back—who knew nothing of flies with a hundred thousand microbes on their legs. But then they did not know, either, that the mosquito has been proved to carry malaria and the tsetse fly to produce sleeping sickness. So why should the house-fly not be similarly pestiferous? There seems little doubt that it is; and it is possible to trace a connexion between low and high death rates from certain diseases with seasons unfavourable or favourable to broods of flies.

Is it not odd that the only charges of unfairness made against the Olympic Committee have come from our dear neighbours and our dear cousins, the French and the Americans? And now certain American athletes have capped this charge of unfairness by indulging in a deliberate plan to foul their English rival in the 400 metres flat race. Happily the judges detected the trick, and broke the tape. We have seen this little sharp practice excused on the ground that it is quite according to the code in American sport. This is surely "meant sarcastic".

#### IMPERIAL FESTIVITIES AND FACTS.

HIS must be a dead soul indeed that could contemplate the Quebec celebrations without emotion; and if a Briton's, a renegade soul. If we try to gauge carefully what Englishmen did in those days, can we help feeling rather small now? In our rejoicings must there not be something of a suspicion that in dwelling on and magnifying our fathers' great deeds we are taking the best chance of appearing great ourselves? These celebrations are entirely right, provided we remember that it is not enough to be great to have had great ancestors. If we cannot rise to their standard, their greatness makes us but the smaller. The real celebration of Wolfe's victories is what we are doing, not what we are saying, to justify the inheritance Wolfe won for us. Wolfe saved Canada for the British rule. Canada was and is the key to British empire. As an empire, how does the British nation throughout the world now stand?

Wolfe would have been amazed indeed could he have foreseen the present position. This "empire", which he made possible, has no imperial army; there is no military defensive force drawn from every part of the "empire" and to which every part of the "empire" must contribute either in men or money. There is no imperial navy in the only true sense of the word, that the whole empire helps to keep it up. There is no imperial citizenship, for the King's subjects born in one part of the empire may be, and are, forbidden entry into other parts of the "empire", not by decision of any authority representing the whole "empire" but by a local authority. To be a British subject does not carry with it even elementary rights against an authority that does not profess to represent the British empire. In this "empire" there is nothing to distinguish the commercial treatment of some parts of the "empire" by other parts from their treatment of a foreign country. In other words, these parts are to each other from a commercial point of view just foreign nations. Any part of the empire may constitutionally give better treatment to a foreign country than to another part of the empire. This empire has no Imperial Government. There is no authority which represents the empire as a whole, no authority which has power to enforce its decisions in every part of the empire alike.

Where, then, Wolfe might well ask, does the empire come in? If we were honest, we should have to answer that it does not come in at all. The plain truth is that there is no British empire. In the strict sense, it obviously is not an empire; neither, as it seems to us, is it an empire in any real sense at all. And we shall get no further until we recognise this without blinking. This must be the starting-point for future development. We shall lose nothing by looking facts in the face; by admitting the truth. Neither can we admit that there is anything either ungracious or impolitic in bringing out and dwelling on weak points in the British position at this time of rejoicing. It is a family gathering, a family festivity; and therefore a natural opportunity for a family council. No doubt it would not be in the best taste to make an international celebration the occasion for an inquiry into the weak points of one of the celebrant nations. But at this festivity we are all one as subjects of the same Sovereign; the defects we have dwelt on are common to us all; there can be no occasion for one British nationality glorying at the expense of another. We are not an empire; let us start with that; we all fall under the same condemnation.

But if we are not an empire, we are evidently something. What are we? It is very hard to say. No political text-book, no political thinker, has supplied a form in which the present British arrangement will fit. We are unique, not only amongst present Powers, but probably amongst all the Powers of all the past as well; a great distinction no doubt, but parlous. Formally there is but one thing that holds alike of all British peoples and dependencies; that we all acknowledge one King; and this king acts through many ministries, whose views and policies may differ entirely one from another, may in fact be contradictory. So there is not much

formal unity at any rate. The other element of constitutional unity is a ministry of the King which has power to deal with the relations of all parts of the "empire" with foreign countries. Hence it is called the Imperial Government. But it has no power to direct the resources of the other self-governing British nations to common objects of the British commonwealth. It has not now even exclusive power over foreign relations; for the colonies now negotiate direct with foreign countries; Canada, for instance, with France and Germany on tariff questions. In short the so-called British empire is nothing but an understanding, an arrangement that has happened partly out of sentiment, partly out of self-interest. It is just a very big entente cordiale. As a political system, as machinery, it will not stand a moment's scrutiny; but it is a living force and a distinctly great matter. It is a soul without a body, or an unexpressed force. That at least is what Imperialists believe it to be.

The question is, can this force find a form in which to express itself? The attempt to find and to fit the right form will undoubtedly discover whether the one soul of empire is there or, unobserved, by a well-known biological process it has split up into a number of separate and individual little souls. It is precisely fear of this awful discovery that makes many timid lovers of the "empire" deprecate tariff reform or any other attempt to unify the parts. Let well alone, they say. But however willing we may be to let well alone, will others let it alone? It may be this present formless, inexpressible existence would go on undisturbed for an indefinite time if nothing from without happened to disturb it. For ourselves we do not believe it could; the very process of change involved in the growth of the self-governing colonies would so modify the understanding which makes the "empire" that it would vanish, be gone, before the "empire" was aware of it. But assuming it could, suppose there were no internal forces to disturb the present position, what if some outside power interferes, and we have to fight for our lives? That will test the reality of the soul of the "empire" and the means whereby it can express itself. The last test was the South African war. That may fairly be said to have shown that there is a British Imperial soul, but it also showed the difficulty it had to express itself. There was general and enthusiastic support from the English peoples against the Dutch Republics and the Dutch seceders. But the military authorities could not know beforehand what colonial force could be counted on; there was no authority anywhere that could claim colonial assistance as a right. More serious still, the Prime Minister of the Cape Colony, one of the Cape Dutch but not a rebel, defined his policy as "keeping the Colony neutral". Sir Wilfrid Laurier, too, laid down as a principle that Canada would not send troops unless the Government approved of the object of the war. These two statements of policy are the flat negation not only of empire, but of national unity at all. They are particularism, or regionalism, pure and simple. They show that side by side with the best sentiment and unbroken good relations may grow up a spirit fatal to the existence of the British commonwealth. If in the case of a struggle with a foreign power every part of the "empire" is to be competent to decide for itself whether the British contention is to be upheld, and which side it will support, or whether it will be neutral, the whole question of British unity falls.

These are the facts to be faced. No one who wishes for British unity can acquiesce in them as satisfactory. Some authority must be developed which in matters affecting the British nation as a whole can lead it and direct it as a whole. An authority with that power cannot grow up until both responsibility and burdens are generally distributed. At present England is willing to bear the burden if the colonies will leave her the control. But evidently they are less willing to leave it to her than they were. Yet they do not seem to take it as much of a grievance that they have so little share in "imperial government". They are willing to forgo the honour of responsibility if they can escape the honour of payment. But somehow, if the British "show"

is to go on at all, the self-governing colonies, which are now grown up, if still young, must be associated with England both in responsibility and burden. Imperial Federation, an imperial parliament representing a multitude of smaller parliaments, was not a happy plan. The idea has gone already. The colonies seem to favour the notion of an association of British kingdoms under the same King. But independent kingdoms under the same king usually in a short time either fuse their independence or have separate kings, or no king. An imperial council, representing all the colonies and this country, ultimately independent of parliamentary control, seems to us the most likely development, if the "empire" does not break up. This council will not be created at a stroke; it will grow out of something, some non-party institution, already existing. If it ever comes, it will be in circumstances of much closer relations between England and the colonies, and between one colony and another, than now obtain. At present the colonies do not seem to have any strong desire for an imperial council at all, even an advisory one. The only practical step towards closer relations which all of them do seem to desire is preferential trade. A system of preferential trade would put the different British peoples in a practical relation to one another different from that in which they stand to foreign countries. There would be a community between them which at present there is not. It is the only movement towards formal unity the colonies seem at present to favour; and they very certainly cannot be compelled to join in any other. In these circumstances it seems to us that real Imperialists, whatever their economic views may be, have no choice but to support the proposal for colonial commercial preference.

#### PEERS AND THE PENSION BOGEY.

SELDOM has there been a more idle debate, from the point of view of practical politics, than the Lords' discussion on the Old Age Pensions Bill. In the Commons that portion of the Bill open for discussion was riddled through and through by a fire of searching criticism, and much was done to give its principle a reasonable chance of being put into execution. Only closure stopped the good work. Instead of any attempt to suggest improvements and safeguards those Lords who took part in the debate devoted themselves almost entirely to a close criticism not of the measure itself, but of the very principle it embodies. Discussed for years in every newspaper, reported on by Commissions and Committees, claimed as a main plank of their platform by both political parties and unmistakably desired by the majority of the people, at least the principle of this Bill might have been accepted, and serious criticism turned on the measure itself. True the majority of the speakers were cross-bench men, so perhaps the country may be justified in regarding the division numbers in Lord Wemyss' amendment as a truer expression of the real feeling of the Upper House. Is it too late now for the Lords to take up the work the Commons were closed by the Government from finishing? The slightest attempt at action is worth more in daily life than all the talk of future decadence. The country has determined to have old-age pensions, and instead of croaking dismal prophecies the better part is to accept and to face the situation, to direct every effort towards making the scheme workable, to guide and to encourage those who are deserving of help.

The accepted scheme will in two or three years involve an annual charge of at least ten millions on the national exchequer, and in the future possibly as much more. Can the country bear the charge? If we believe Lord Rosebery's doleful dirge, we are fast hurrying to national bankruptcy, and Lord Cromer, too, gives us but little hope—under our present fiscal system. To-day the State raises nearly fifty millions more in taxation than it did twenty years ago. In days gone by the same cries of over-taxation were raised, the same national bankruptcy foretold, yet to-day we are, as a nation, rich as ever and still the most lightly taxed of all the great Powers of the world. Without doubt pensions mean increased taxation: it is essentially the

business of the Unionist party to make certain that the incidence of such increase is equitably distributed. Under the existing scheme of pensions, with the present Government in power, there is, it must be admitted, serious danger of a large increase in direct taxation. As Lord Cromer plainly said, the Government is between the devil and the deep sea. On the one side if they increase direct taxes they are mortgaging their taxable reserve for future periods of emergency, while on the other an extension of indirect taxation is but another name for import duties. That their dilemma is only too clear to themselves is shown by the frantic attempts which a strong section of the Cabinet has made to plunder the Army and Navy Estimates. This, the last and most discreditable effort to find more money, happily has been frustrated, with the result that the trustees of free trade now find themselves face to face with but one possible alternative—a breach of their trust. Few people will trouble to call them to account, for there can be little doubt of the answer the voters will give if they are ever asked to choose between old-age pensions and our existing fiscal system. In any possible increase direct taxation will certainly have to take its share, but the bulk of the money must come from those who are most benefited by the change. The present Bill makes old-age pensions nominally non-contributory, but in effect new taxation will redress the balance. So long as those who benefit pay and realise that they are paying a fair portion of the charge, it matters little at what particular point their contributions are appropriated by the State; and there is little doubt that the working classes are rapidly beginning to understand the incidence of indirect taxation.

By far the gravest charge against old-age pensions is that they will tend to diminish the spirit of thrift and to increase pauperism. The point really is this. Is it not better to encourage the decent citizen than not to encourage him from fears of helping the waster? The existence of a pension scheme will tend to separate the working classes into three well-defined sections. In the lowest section may be placed the criminals, wastrels, and idlers, the majority of whom will never live to attain pensionable age, while even those who do will probably be disqualified under the industry and other tests. Pension or no pension such people will never be thrifty; and what they need is a far more restrictive poor and vagrancy law than at present exists. The middle section will consist of poorly paid workers often not in regular employment and able to save very little out of the scanty average of their earnings. These are the people Lord Avebury, looking down from comfortable ease, whips with his statistics, forgetting human nature and never realising how impossible it is for himself and other mentors like him to put themselves in the places of the poor. This section, it is said, will have all the thrift knocked out of it. Why we fail to understand. At present they have no incentive to save at all, as the very little they can put by is never sufficient to keep them in old age. On the other hand the existence of a pension opens up a new vista. There it is, barely enough to live on truly, but with every penny saved and added to it a few more crumbs of comfort. At present why should such people keep off the rates, since when they reach old age the workhouse is their inevitable end? With a pension in view there is every incentive to hold out until pensionable age is reached, otherwise disqualification overtakes those who give in. The remaining class will be fairly prosperous—artisans and labourers in regular work, subscribers to friendly societies; men usually sturdy and independent. Possibly they do not save as much as they should, but the fault is one extending equally to those higher up in the social scale. Here the standard of living is much higher than an income of five or even ten shillings a week, and the probability is that the thrifty ones will, as they often do now, save enough to take them right beyond pension point. In any case the possibility of five shillings a week at seventy would not check saving habits acquired before even middle age was reached.

But our conviction of the necessity and good of old-age pensions does not reconcile us to the Government Bill. Crude, hurried and ill-digested, it throws the greater part of the procedure required to make it a

working force into Regulations to be made by the Local Government Board. So much power of such a nature in the hands of a Government department is not advisable. Pressure of a peculiar kind will be brought to bear, political in the main and therefore the harder to resist, a change not at all in keeping with the present independent traditions of our Civil Service. The clauses of the Bill dealing with income are hopelessly inexact. How, for instance, is a capital sum to be taken into estimation? Is income only to be calculated? Or will there be a calculation as to what annuity could be bought? The latter method is certainly necessary if the revenue is to be protected. What also is the position of the poor female relation without one penny in the world and living on the charity of relations, is that charity which she cannot compel and which may be withdrawn at any moment to count as income? Provision is made to disqualify persons who deliberately deprive themselves of means; this is insufficient, and power should be given to recover the money parted with, otherwise the rates become responsible. Finally, upon what basis is age to be fixed? Many poor people have not the least idea where they were born, and often not within two or three years when. The Bill does not help them to solve the question.

#### THE GUILLOTINE'S PROGRESS.

EVERY morning as the tumbrils drew up at the gate of the Abbaye prison, the gaoler "allocated", from a list in his hand, the daily tale of victims. It was a refinement of brutality, which our Prime Minister has copied in his motion for allocating the clauses of the Licensing Bill amongst the nineteen days allowed for discussion in Committee, for allocation has not yet been applied to the five days allowed for the Report. Not only does the Government mete out the exact number of days appropriate for the criticism of the Bill, but it decides how the critics shall dispose of that time. It fixes in advance by a time-table the daily tale of clauses which shall fall under the guillotine. Mr. Asquith tells us that the Government has arranged its time-table by the light of its own knowledge of the subject, and with reference to the number of amendments on the paper. We daresay it has: but then the persons in a motor-car and the foot-passengers regard the situation from a totally different point of view. How is a Minister, anxious only to drive his Bill through Committee in a record time, to weigh fairly amendments, or to know what are the most vital and interesting clauses to his opponents? It is surely a refinement of despotism to say not only how long a critic may argue, but what arguments he must use! If it must be so, let the Government of the day fix the amount of time: but let it be left to the Opposition to appropriate that time as it thinks fit. That the opponents of a measure are the only proper judges of the methods of opposing it, is so obvious a proposition that, we fancy, it would not be disputed, if the House of Commons were divided into two parties, and did not always contain a certain proportion of bores and fools who imagine that they are rendering a public service by debating purely formal words or arrangements of machinery. The situation is complicated, we admit, by the fact that besides the Ministerialists and the Opposition there are the Labourites and the Irish-Nationalists to reckon with, as well as the gentlemen who are able "at any time to talk at any length on any subject". By far the best speech delivered in last week's debate was that of Lord Robert Cecil. Indeed the member for East Marylebone was the only person to offer an alternative to the Prime Minister's proposal, and to put his finger on the historical cause of the present effect. Lord Robert Cecil is for leaving the allocation of time to the whole House of Commons, as its constitutional right, and selecting particular amendments for discussion by a method of proportional representation. Thus he suggests that no amendment should be discussed unless proposed by a certain number of members, say ten, and that no member should be allowed to propose more than one amendment. "The result would be" (we quote

Lord Robert's words) "that each party in the House would select for themselves the amendments which they really desired to be discussed. They would then arrange with their friends that these amendments should be put down, each of them, say, by ten members. The result would be, for instance, that the present Opposition would be entitled to between fifteen and twenty amendments to the Bill: the Irish party to eight; and the amendments would be allotted between parties." The objections to this numerical plan are two. First, the number of the present Opposition in the House of Commons is admitted to be ridiculously disproportionate to its strength in the constituencies, representing as it does nearly 45 per cent. of the electorate. As long as we continue our system of voting this disproportion is likely to remain under the "swings of the pendulum". Lord Robert Cecil's plan would therefore give the Opposition less than its proper share of amendments. The second objection is that members on the Government side of the House would put down amendments that were "not meant"—as lawyers say, colourable amendments—that would merely occupy time and prevent the Opposition from attacking the weak points of the Bill. Mr. Asquith admits that he cannot find an impartial body to select amendments, but that is because he will not grant our major premiss, that the function belongs to the Opposition and not to the Government. The only solution which we, as "spectator ab extra", can proffer is that there should be a party meeting after the second reading of a Bill, and that the amendments should be selected by a domestic majority. It is after all a question of discipline. A strong and energetic leader of Opposition, who will take the trouble to follow the details of business, ought to be able, with the assistance of his Whips, to suppress the "talk-at-any-length-on-any-subject" men, and to insure that members who have studied the subject shall discuss other than clauses of machinery. Party discipline is effective enough on certain occasions: why not on this? This course would only affect the regular Opposition: the Irish Nationalists and the Labourites would still be a difficulty; but it would at least sever the Unionist party from an association which is too often discreditable.

The root difficulty, however, is, as Lord Robert Cecil said, that the House of Commons has lost its self-respect. Although Lord Morley has placed it on record that this is the best of the seven Parliaments in which he has sat, we do not believe that the old House of Commons, composed of English gentlemen of the old school, would have submitted to this degrading absolutism. Both parties would have made common cause against the Government: but then in those days the Liberal party was not manned by dissenting school-teachers, and journalists, and barristers out for a Recordership. What strides the present Government has made towards the perfect subjugation of the House of Commons may be judged from the fact that in the nineteen years between 1886 and 1905 the guillotine was only applied to seven Bills, while in the two years and a half since 1906 it has been used on ten Bills. It is no consolation that the Prime Minister admits the guillotine to be a "crude" and "harsh" procedure—probably Robespierre would have made a like admission—or that Mr. Balfour describes it as "crude" and "coarse". And neither Mr. Balfour nor Mr. Asquith was historically correct in saying that the blame would have to be divided between the two great English parties. Lord Robert Cecil was right in reminding us that the real exterminator of freedom of debate in the House of Commons was Parnell. It was pointed out in a signed article in the SATURDAY REVIEW six months ago that it was the Irish Nationalists who made a departure from the old methods of discussion necessary, and that in suppressing the Irish the English and the Scotch suppressed themselves. It is an alarming outlook: for though Mr. Asquith may be trusted not to go too far on the path of violence and injustice, we should be sorry to place the freedom and dignity of the House of Commons between some great party object and those twin pillars of anarchy, Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Winston Churchill.

#### INDIA IN THE COMMONS.

THE annual debate on the Indian Budget is usually a dreary thing. This year it was shorn of its chief distinction by the absence of the Secretary of State: moreover it was forestalled by the more weighty and serious debate in the Upper House to which Lord Morley gave literary grace and high authority, the right of the other Chamber. Notwithstanding a gallant effort by Mr. Buchanan to confine the debate to its proper subject matter the House was true to its traditions. The various speakers concerned themselves with nearly every prominent Indian topic except the Budget. This year there was, perhaps, more excuse than usual for the omission. The demands on the Treasury connected with famine relief have absorbed all possible surplus and left no room for either any remission of taxes or any administrative reform involving large expenditure. A modest allotment from Imperial funds for sanitation—directed for the moment to plague prevention—represents the only fresh departure. Some striking movements in the exchange and currency undoubtedly present features of interest. For instance, the currency system, gradually elaborated since 1893, has so far successfully withstood a remarkably severe trial, and incidentally has helped to relieve the strain on the scanty gold reserve of the Bank of England.

Education was the nominal text of the leading motion, but the general position of affairs in India was inevitably, if unhappily, the chief subject of discussion. Mr. Keir Hardie, fortified by a whole month of Indian travel, naturally aired some crude opinions and a fantastic scheme of representative government. His observations generally were marked by unexpected restraint and he fairly won the sympathy of the House by his indignant repudiation of the extreme language attributed to him by a discredited Calcutta journalist. He displayed an agreeable contrast to another speaker who ought to have known better. The wildness of Sir H. Cotton's utterances and the ignoble panic they betrayed are well calculated, as Mr. Buchanan declared, to add to the difficulties of the Indian Government. They demonstrate that generations of service and the tenure of high office in India do not always mean a just appreciation of its administrative necessities or of discretion in stating them.

The value of this debate will turn on the effect it produces in India, where every unpatriotic denunciation in Westminster is sedulously made to serve a seditious purpose. Despite the warnings of Lord Morley, repeated by the Under-Secretary, one fears many things were said which will be utilised to keep alive the mischievous agitation. Prominent among these were insistent demands for re-opening the "settled question" of the division into two provinces of Lower Bengal. This is the more to be regretted because, if the present Bombay riots are to be classed as of merely industrial origin, there seems to be a lull in the active business of sedition. This may be partly because the rainy season has damped the agitators and absorbed the attention of the agricultural people in more profitable pursuits. But the chief cause will be found in even the Government's half-hearted assertion of authority. The exposure of the anarchist conspiracy with the seizure of the conspirators and of the misguided youths whom they have employed for assassination appear for the moment to have crippled this agency and aroused the leaders of orderly classes to the true character of the organisation which affects patriotism. The prosecution of seditious rioters and the salutary sentences passed on them in Madras, and even the feeble and ineffective Press Act, have helped to restore public confidence. The conviction and sentence of the notorious Mr. Tilak, whose prosecution was described by Sir H. Cotton as "suicidal", must add to the effect. The people have been waiting a sign, and immense issues depend on the signs that are given them. Even at this hour a firm course of action—liberal and generous in the administrative changes to follow, but above all things firm—will restore the situation. With a full recognition of Lord Morley's insight and statesmanship and full appreciation of those unhappy restrictions imposed on his government by a radical Parliament, "the masters of me and of you", which formed the

burden of his address to the Indian Civil Service, we must repeat that his declarations of policy, if they are to impress the Oriental mind, must be unconditional and unwavering. It is no less necessary that measures of reform and concession, however wise and just, must be kept apart from and postponed in favour of measures to repress treason and rebellion. This is a dominant principle of Oriental statecraft, and it cannot with impunity be ignored in dealing with Orientals. Mr. Buchanan need not apologise for the postponement of the scheme of reform on which the Government of India is engaged.

The policy persistently urged by those who know India well has been a policy of stern repression of outrage, violence, and organised sedition. Such action is needed not merely or primarily for the support of British supremacy, but for the defence and the vindication of the vast body of the Indian people who look to their rulers for protection and guidance. The conditions of public life and the habits of the people make it impossible to expect that the initiative in such matters will come from the great inert and uninformed masses who are concerned only in the affairs of their daily life and look with indifference on the movements and questions which make up the political life of Western communities. The same tendency causes those who are naturally their leading or representative men to wait for a lead. It is useless to expect that they will without encouragement come forward to support a Government that won't protect itself and its people. It is too often forgotten that the ideas and motives which guide the actions of their English rulers are to them largely a matter of mystery. The conception of representative government as we understand it has yet no place in their minds. They look on it rather as one of the curious fancies or deep designs of the incomprehensible Englishman. They will regard in the same way the toleration of a press openly advocating rebellion and outrage. They wait for some unmistakable sign that the editor and the conspirator are the enemies of the Government and not tolerated for some subtle purpose. They are bewildered by the spectacle of unpunished crime. So long as Europeans are murdered in railway carriages and stoned in the public streets the doubt and fear must grow. It is the clear duty of the authorities to take a decisive lead and end the mischief before uneasiness has turned into panic. It can be easily done. Each little show of resolution has encouraged those who really interpret the feeling of the masses to stand forward and denounce the organisers of disorder. It is instructive to note that such protestations are coupled with a call on Government to suppress the seditionists. Too much weight has been given to the party of noisy demagogues and venomous journalists who claim to speak for the Indian people—a false and grotesque claim! The feeling of the people is not—at least not yet—one of estrangement, but of expectancy and amazement. They understand repression, but the toleration of outrage and rebellion generates a feeling of doubt that it may come from fear and weakness. The people in India, as elsewhere, have no use for a Government which will neither protect itself nor them. If by truckling to party politics, or for any other reason, we cause them to believe us impotent, there is danger indeed that the long peace of India may be broken and the battle for supremacy may have to be resought in the old fashion. Lord Morley and those he speaks for are, we doubt not, ready to face such a crisis bravely. It will be better statesmanship to avert it while there is time.

#### THE NEW OLYMPICS.

THE fourth Olympiad (new style) begins or ends, we do not feel sure which, with the conclusion of the Olympic Games of London. The main portion of the games has now concluded, only the rowing and the winter sports remaining for decision, so we may perhaps indulge in a few general observations. The promoters of the modern Olympic movement, as their adoption of the name "Olympic" shows, intended to reproduce, under modern conditions, the ancient

games of Hellas, but to the candid inquirer it appears that such a reproduction is impossible and that the differences between the ancient and the modern games are far greater than the resemblances. The modern games, at least those belonging to the series started by Baron de Coubertin, have no permanent abiding place. They are intended to move from place to place in Europe and America, and perhaps, some day, in other continents, where they will be carried out sometimes efficiently, sometimes inefficiently, but always under great difficulties. Some of their supporters have felt this drawback strongly, and it has recently been proposed that there should be a Bayreuth or Mecca of athletics in some central and neutral spot. We doubt indeed whether this series of games will be able to continue successfully after the few capitals of the world which are able to hold them have been exhausted, unless some such central point is provided, and the ultimate result may be the restoration of the games to Athens. It will be remembered that the Greeks have enacted by statute that games should be held there every four years, beginning with the games of 1906, under an organisation totally separate from that of the International Olympic Committee, and they have in their favour the fact that imperishable associations are connected with the Stadium at Athens, which cannot be found elsewhere, and which form the closest approximation possible in modern times to the ancient sentiment of Olympia; and the further fact that the two sets of games already held at Athens have triumphed over all difficulties, and, until the present games in London, have been the only really successful international athletic gatherings. Their success, it is true, has been a success of sentiment rather than of athletics, whereas the London games have been a triumph of athletics rather than of sentiment; but it is sentiment which will win in the long run in these matters. The Athens games, we know, will continue; and the organisation of them, being permanent, will gradually advance towards perfection. They have a small, but compact, nation behind them, which can preserve the continuity of the games, while relying on other nations, who are more experienced in the details of athletics, for assistance in the actual conduct of the competitions. It is thought by some that, whether the universal games are restored to Athens or not, the Olympic movement may ultimately divide itself into two sections—Pan-Britannic games, to include all the English-speaking nations, and Continental games, which will embrace the athletes of the rest of the world. Some Continental sportsmen have been saying that they cannot compete at present on equal terms with English-speaking athletes and that it would be advisable to separate the international games in this way. But at most this point of view can only apply to certain sports. In many of the sections which form an Olympic meeting Continental competitors can easily defeat the Briton or the American. This has been clearly seen, not for the first time, at the London games. And after the splendid performances of Lunghi, Braun, Lemming, Tsitsilirias, Somody, and others, no one could argue that the Continental athlete is unable to contend successfully in many instances, even in the limited range of track and field athletics, with the best performers of America and Britain. By the time the cycle of cities ready and able to accommodate the Olympic Games has been exhausted, we think no one will be able to allege any inferiority in the Continental athlete, and that every nation which has taken part in the London games, and perhaps others in addition, will be able to produce competitors who will hold their own with anyone.

The keynote of the Olympic Games of Hellas was international peace. The jealousies and quarrels of the petty states were put to rest by the proclamation of a universal truce for a time long enough to enable not only the competitors but also the embassies of the several communities to visit and return from the plains of the Alpheus without fear of molestation. International peace was also the main objective of the founders of the modern Olympic Games. They hoped that the Olympic movement, under their guidance, would come to occupy in modern life the place which the quadrennial assembly at Elis held in Hellas under the guidance of the oracle

of Delphi. But do international games serve to promote international amity? Have they ever yet been conducted without a friction which has done much to nullify the pacific intentions of their promoters? That this is the case is not, as a rule, the fault of the best athletes. When they are beaten they do not raise the cry of partiality or misconduct. If international games could be conducted entirely by the best athletes of all nations, under the supervision of the best judges which the country in which the games were held could provide, we should hear little of friction or disagreement. But behind the athletes there is the large and ill-informed public of the nations to which they belong, and beside the athletes there is an array of managers and trainers, to whom international concord is a small thing in comparison with the victory of their own team. Some nations appear to be constitutionally incapable of taking a beating gracefully. When they win they are unduly elated; when they think they are likely to lose they prepare to cover their defeat by suggestions of courtesy or unfairness; when they have lost they lose their temper as well. No athletic meeting has ever yet been conducted without some errors of judgment or faults of temper, and where competitors of many languages are engaged, such failings are apt to be exaggerated owing to the inability of many of the officials to explain to the athletes who are affected the grounds of their decisions or the motives of their actions. But in most countries true sportsmanship is understood to consist in the attribution of honest intentions to the rivals whom one meets, and to the judges to whom the contests are submitted, and in the assumption that the best man has won, subject to temperate and reasonable protests in accordance with the published rules of the competitions. We do not need to illustrate our point by concrete instances. They will be in the minds of our readers. The rules governing the Olympic Games of London were in the hands of all the foreign committees months before the commencement of the contests. They were drawn up in accordance with the best expert opinion in this country, and with the manner in which we have always been in the habit of conducting similar competitions. Any objections received from abroad at a reasonable time with regard to these rules were respectfully considered by the British Olympic Council, and effect was frequently given to them. To object at the moment of competition to the rules which govern it is intolerable and unreasonable. We have said nothing as to the part played in these discussions by writers in the English and foreign press, but they cannot be acquitted of a large part in any trouble which has occurred. Those who have conducted competitions in which not the slightest difficulty or unpleasantness arose, and not the faintest protest or objection was made, have read subsequently with absolute amazement in the words of some inventive journalist that such and such a nation has threatened to withdraw its team and that such and such a competitor has shaken the dust of England from his feet. It is impossible to put a stop to such malign nonsense as this, and unfortunately it is impossible to ignore it. But luckily the more intelligent portion of the public both here and abroad is capable of appraising it at its true worth and is convinced, as everyone who has had any part in the management of the competitions is convinced, that in every case the Olympic Games of London have been conducted without fear of or favour to any nation or individual, and, so far as human infirmity permits, without mistake.

#### THE CITY.

THE dullness of markets every now and then borders on despair, and occasionally becomes hysterical. The most absurd reasons are invented to explain the predominance of sellers over buyers. We are told, for instance, that Paris is selling because of the troubles in Macedonia! A week or two ago it was the unrest in India; now it is the unrest in Turkey! The closing down of the De Beers mine, leaving only three mines at work, is a much more likely explanation of French selling. Turning in another direction we are told that

the Argentine railway market is "under the influence of the new issue of £2,000,000 by the Buenos Ayres and Pacific". Why the increase of its capital by the Pacific should diminish the value of Rosarios or "B.A.G.S.", it is not easy to see. Why it should diminish the price of the existing Buenos Ayres and Pacific stock it is almost as difficult to say, seeing that the stockholders will be offered the new shares at par while the market price is 112. The gross receipts of this railway have increased by £604,000 during the past year, and to cope with the new traffics, engines, waggons, and passenger stock are required. Lord St. David's is almost invariably successful with his issues, and nobody need apply for the new shares unless he likes. Still, the talk is that the market is "under the influence" of the new issue, and therefore depressed. The new Brazilian loan of £4,000,000 at 96, paying 4 per cent., is a more serious affair. We do not much like the finances of Brazil: a country which depends so largely on two such crops as coffee and indiarubber, with revolutions hovering in the background, is no place for prudent investors.

The six-monthly meetings of the great London banks are always interesting, as giving us a record of what has been done in the greatest financial centre in the world. Sir Felix Schuster (chairman of the Union and Smiths) and Mr. Hill (chairman of the London and Westminster) both agree that the past half-year has been for bankers an extraordinary one. The year 1908 opened with a 7 per cent. Bank rate, which fell by rapid reductions to 2½ per cent. in May. There is undoubtedly a plethora of money in London, Paris, and Berlin, partly owing to the falling-off in trade, and partly to the financial reaction from the recent stringency. In ordinary times this would have produced an all-round rise in securities, and brisk business on the Stock Exchange. That it has not done so is entirely due (so both bank managers agree) to the continuous creation of new capital. Since the beginning of the year the loans and emissions amount to £110,000,000, and if to that be added the requirements of the Irish Land Act, how is it possible for the prices of securities to rise? The supply of investments is greater than the demand, with the inevitable result. Sir Felix Schuster does not look forward to a good time for either bankers or manufacturers during the next six months, but he deprecates anything like excessive pessimism.

We have more than once called attention to the objectionable practice of advertising "abridged" prospectuses of new companies. It is all very well to tell intending subscribers that the full prospectus can be seen at the office of the solicitors or the bankers, for people have not the time or the inclination to go there. As the abridged prospectus invariably leaves out the vital and most interesting point of the flotation—namely, the purchase consideration and the name of the vendor—the practice is an evasion of the spirit if not of the letter of the law. The British Consolidated Oil Corporation is the latest offender in this respect.

We hold to our opinion that the best dividend-paying Kaffir mines, East Rands, Rand Mines, and Modderfonteins, are really good investments at present prices. So are the ordinary and preference stock of the well-managed trust companies, such as the Metropolitan, the Government Stock, and the Consolidated Trusts. The only drawback to trust stocks as investments is that there is no free market in them, it being equally difficult to buy or to sell them in a hurry. The 5 per cent. Preference Stock of the Royal Mail Steam Packet at 92 is a good investment, and there is a dividend paid in the autumn. Those astonishing Americans! Union Pacifics at 159, Canadas at 173, Steel Commons at 46, Southern Pacifics at 95! Unions have risen 39 points in six months: yet it would be dangerous to sell them.

#### INSURANCE.—GUARANTEED CONDITIONS.

A LITTLE "Book of Guarantees", published by the Scottish Life Assurance Company, is a notable departure for an English or a Scottish life office to have made, and well deserves recognition and appreciation. The book contains for all the principal kinds of policies,

for all usual ages of entry, and for practically all durations of policies, exact details of the guarantees in regard to various important points. These guarantees are of four kinds. The first gives the amount of paid-up assurance for which a policy can be surrendered; thus if a man aged thirty has taken a whole-life policy for £1,000 at a premium of £24 1s. 2d. a year, he can at the end of ten years obtain a policy for £377, payable at his death, for which he has no further premiums to pay. As an alternative he can draw £137 in cash, which is rather more than 55 per cent. of the total premiums he has paid, and is a quite good surrender value. If he does not wish to surrender his policy, but does want to borrow some money on the security of it, he can borrow £146, out of which the next annual premium has to be paid. The policy remains in force for the full amount, and the loan is deducted from the sum assured when the policy becomes a claim, unless it has been paid off. If the amount borrowed is £300 or more the interest charged is at the rate of only four per cent. Money can be obtained in this way at extremely short notice, and with no expense or formality, provided the title to the policy is clear; the loan can be paid off at the convenience of the borrower.

The fourth alternative is to continue the policy in force for the full amount without the payment of any more premiums, and in the particular instance we are referring to, for ten years. If an ordinary whole-life policy effected at age thirty has had premiums paid upon it for twenty years, the full sum assured is continued for nineteen years without further payment. The exact figures for each of these guarantees are fully tabulated. These conditions are not new; they are more or less common to most life offices, but are not usually guaranteed. The American life offices have given guarantees of this kind for many years past and regularly supply their agents with books of guarantees, but so far as we know it is quite a new departure for an English or Scottish life office to adopt the same course. The Scottish Life have departed from the example of the American offices by guaranteeing not merely the various options in connexion with the sum assured but in connexion with bonuses as well. Actuaries sometimes say that they give in practice larger surrender values than they can safely guarantee, and use this as an argument against giving precise guarantees. The answer seems very obvious. Let them give definite guarantees for as much as they prudently can, calling this the minimum, and giving the policyholder as much more as they find themselves able to.

Few people realise the importance of good conditions as to surrenders. Probably the majority think that the sole purpose for which they will ever require their life policy is the payment of the sum assured at death or maturity. Experience shows that immense numbers of policies are surrendered or used as security for loans in one form or another, and then the importance of liberal surrender values and guaranteed conditions becomes strikingly apparent. A policyholder knows exactly how he stands in this matter each year, and if he wants to use his policy for—as an example—an overdraft at his bank, both he and his bank know exactly, and without enquiry from the office, the precise cash value of the policy. Incidentally the general adoption of guaranteed conditions would tend to promote the selection of good life offices and the neglect of inferior ones, since indifferent companies cannot afford to give the same good terms as first-class offices. Little by little the public would come to look for guarantees and to take them into account when choosing an office in which to assure. The Scottish Life is in a good position for offering favourable surrender values. For the last five-and-twenty years it has given its policyholders a reversionary addition to the sum assured at the rate of £2 per cent. per annum for every year except the first, which is a good result to have maintained unaltered for so long. In this case, as in others, good surrender values and good results when the policies become claims go together.

#### IRISH UNIVERSITIES: SOME SUGGESTIONS FOR THE LORDS.

BY "PAT".

BEFORE the House of Lords has done with the Irish "Universities" Bill, let me make a harmless suggestion, quite free from "Anti-Clericalism": that Roman Catholic Theology be endowed at the expense of the taxpayers, Protestants included; that the Theological Faculty, though so endowed, be quite free from State interference, wholly governed by theologians; and that, in return for so much, the theologians permit similar freedom and self-government for every secular faculty, letting all move together on parallel lines towards the common good, and none to spoil the others by imposing its own irrelevant limitations upon them. It is not that I like denominational endowment, unless for all denominations alike; it is that I like the alternative less. I would concede much to make real education possible, and in time real education would correct the excesses of my concession.

One does not study music mathematically, and when chemical science comes to be governed by canon law, there is danger of subjecting religion to chemical analysis, which is impertinent, bad for chemistry, and not good for religion. Metaphysics does not appeal to microbes; therefore, I would not let the metaphysician dictate his college syllabus for the bacteriologist, which is assured by the Bill as it stands. These things have ways of their own in Ireland. Students of agricultural biology in Dublin have had the cell theory denounced to them on the highest theological authority; and at Cork, "in the interests of morality", "the body of a pig" has been recommended as sufficient for the study of human anatomy. I am not talking of the dark ages but of the things happening to-day. Young men who were threatened with the moral dangers of the cell theory are employed by the Agriculture Department teaching peasants their business at the expense of the State; and being shrewd young men they will not teach too scientifically, especially regarding cells, now that Mr. T. W. Russell and the bishops are so perfectly agreed about agricultural science, qualified as they are for that control by their study of Thomas Aquinas, who, judging from our agricultural education, must have been an expert farmer as well as a robust hunter of heretics.

Sir Horace Plunkett, too, tried to "work with the priests", but while doing so he "got round" them, employing science in his department, teaching it, cells and all, and then sending the semi-cellular pupils about among the peasantry to cure potato blight, quite regardless of Thomas Aquinas, and thereby starting in every parish an obvious "danger to faith and morals", for which he had to clear out, the Irish Party removing him in accordance with ecclesiastical rule. The men more or less educated in science whom he has left behind in permanent employment are a source of conscientious disturbance to Mr. Russell's episcopal superiors in the government of Ireland; and though they cannot well get these inconveniently educated men dismissed from the direct service of the Department, they withdraw the Department's subvention from those of them in the Agricultural Organisation Society, an organisation so dangerous that it has for years found employment and a refuge for several able men with ideas of their own. There was no longer room for Sir Horace Plunkett after he wrote about "That religion's complete shifting of what I may call the human centre of gravity to a future existence". He wrote his book—and had to go; Mr. Russell says he will write his own book—after he goes. It illustrates the difference between an Irishman and a Scotchman. Lord MacDonnell has an exactly similar story to tell, and if men like these may not serve the State unless under ecclesiastical direction, what must be the position of the Biology man in a "University" controlled by ecclesiastics?

When they invented the Chicago University they sent an academic commercial traveller through "Yurru" to buy up "the best blamed lot of professors that could be got for dollars", and when they were fully stocked, it was found that the Political Economy man was required to teach Economic Science on the Paraffin principle, some of the endowments having come out of

Petroleum. Yet that was in "free America", where the laws of Chemistry are not identical with the laws of the Church, and where some distinction is acknowledged between human and porcine anatomy. If Political Economy at Chicago must be Petroleum, what must become of the anatomist at Cork? I am most curious to see the kind of men that can be attracted by the new "University".

Now, let the British Nonconformist taxpayer not be startled at my proposal to endow "Romanism". It is already done in the Bill by his own Mr. Birrell. The Irish Attorney-General has pledged the Government "that no portion of the money provided by Parliament should be devoted to denominational education"; but the county councils are empowered by the Bill to endow scholarships at Maynooth out of Treasury subventions when Maynooth is affiliated. The scholarships would have to be in secular subjects, but the teaching may be in preparation for the priesthood, and most of the county councils are practically elected by the clergy, who can command the pious councillors to support "a gifted young man"—for the Roman Propaganda, who depend so largely on destitute and uneducated Ireland to provide priests for peoples abroad who have something else to do for their boys. The religious endowment is not even to be for the benefit of religion in Ireland. The taxpayer is to provide a site for a "University" chapel, and the Senate is free to affiliate any school of monks who can come up to the matriculation standard, which may be brought down indefinitely for their convenience. We are to have "Catholic Literature", "Catholic Science", and, I suppose, "Catholic Chemistry". Why not make the arts and sciences also male and female? They answer more to sex than to creed, but, in so far as they must answer to anything outside themselves, they go down; and the new scheme is obviously designed to keep them down. Ireland is wanted to produce priests for foreign countries, not to produce scholars for the education of the Irish, who, if they were educated, would prosper at home, and, like other prosperous peoples, give up producing more priests than they required for home employment. Nonconformist Radicalism, in possession of the Treasury Bench, and supported by Agnostic Socialism, provides the money and puts the imperial seal to the sacerdotal traffic, while Mr. Birrell's episcopal masters are already announcing an attitude that may enable them, if they so require, to denounce himself and his gift in the future. In fairness to him, let us remember that his policy of sacerdotalism is borrowed from the Unionist leader. In the modern public life of the world there is not one thing else so silly as Britain's Irish statesmanship, always compromising with influences which make every compromise a necessity for several still more exacting.

The bishops are already denouncing the omission of a residential building, and Mr. Birrell dares not say a word about the £600,000\* collected for that purpose by the Irish Catholics, handed to the bishops, and never accounted for. With the missing money five Universities might be founded, each better than any of the two now proposed. Why does not somebody in Parliament ask what the bishops have done with this great sum? They ought to be called upon to render an honest account of it before one penny is put down by Parliament to replace it. Why should English, Scotch, and Welsh Protestants be penalised for a trust broken by Irish Catholic bishops?

If anyone think the facts I state are not enough to show that education of value must be improbable in the new institution, let him consult the evidence of the bishops themselves before the Robertson Commission, which makes it clear beyond all question that there must be a sacerdotal veto on all secular teaching. "A majority of laymen" is conceded for the governing body, but they must be "the right kind of men", and "the right kind of men" are those who will "defer to the bishops" in any question as between theology and any other interest whatever. I think the definition has not once been raised during the debates on the Bill in

the House of Commons; yet the scheme is admirably shaped to accommodate it, as if the Government and the bishops had conspired together to impose on the intelligence of Parliament.

For twenty-five years the Catholic bishops have demanded "what the Protestants have in Trinity College", and when it comes to be offered, it is not enough. No cleric in T.C.D. would dare to veto the work of a Secular professor, and that is one great reason why Dublin University ranks, and deserves to rank, with the best in the world. T.C.D. has its academic vices, but these are to be the virtues of the "Catholic University", which copies the sacerdotal predominance, but without its responsibilities. By a most wrong arrangement, or want of arrangement, Dublin University confines her franchise predominantly to the degree generally taken by Divinity men, so that a science graduate, unless he also graduates in arts, which is unusual, cannot vote, leaving an undue influence to the clerics. This influence, however, is rarely exercised to the secular disadvantage, and, in any case, Dublin University is able to reform herself, whereas we may be quite certain that no development of importance can take place in the new contrivance without consulting the Cardinals of Propaganda at Rome, whose dominion over the Irish bishops is even more direct and more complete than the dominion of the Irish bishops over Mr. Birrell. The Irish bishops cannot help themselves. They have no Home Rule in Church Government, and the man among them who declined to do as ordered by Propaganda, without asking questions, must expect trouble for the rest of his life.

Will the bishops accept my amendment? I think not, because they have Theology practically endowed by the Bill already, and without any restraint on sacerdotal direction of secular teaching. Have they not for a hundred years made the secular teaching impossible rather than permit it free? I would beg from them the liberty to look at facts and to be owner of my own faculties, but I do not think Propaganda would permit them to accept any price within the means of the Imperial Exchequer. Unless the House of Lords can do something, the scheme endows a denomination at the expense of the taxpayer, without letting him know, which is a fraud on the State, planned in Italy, and executed by the British Government, with the consent of the Imperial Parliament. I would make the Bill honest. It is shaped to obtain money by false pretences, corrupting the Religion that receives the money, and we have quite enough to corrupt Religion without the assistance of Parliament.

#### QUEBEC.

QUEBEC has been to North America what Gibraltar has been to the Mediterranean, what the Ridge before Delhi was to India in the Mutiny. Quebec, Gibraltar, the Ridge: what names they conjure up; what titanic deeds they have called forth. Wolfe and Carleton, Elliott and Nicholson, indomitable in defence, daring in attack, were their master spirits. Nature, greatest of fortress makers, mightiest constructor of earthworks, threw up these promontories and called upon the engineer and the soldier merely to be her auxiliaries. If there had been no Ridge, Delhi would have sorely complicated the problem of reconquering India; if Eliott had failed to hold the Rock against all comers and all wiles during three and a half years of relentless siege, the mastery of the Mediterranean would at the best have come to England in very different circumstances if it had ever come at all. If there had been no Quebec, the North American Continent would probably to-day be wholly under the Stars and Stripes. The Briton, who has never failed to take full advantage of the moat with which Nature supplied his home, has been equally alive in the main to the possibilities she gave him elsewhere.

When we come to study the significance of a spot like Quebec in the history of the British Empire, Keats' lines come to the mind. How many standing for the

\* Cardinal Logue's estimate, as quoted by Mr. Blane, late Nationalist M.P.

first time on the promontory overlooking the S. Lawrence have not felt

Like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes,  
He stared at the Pacific—and all his men  
Looked at each other with a wild surmise.

The emotions of Cortez or Balboa, or whoever he was who first looked upon the Pacific from the Darien peak, cannot have been more absorbing than those which Quebec compels when the appeal is not merely to the sense of Nature's grandeur, but to the sense of history. Very different is the appearance of the busy S. Lawrence to-day from the scene on which Cartier gazed as he approached the village of Stadacona in 1535, the scene on which Champlain founded Quebec in 1608. Then, as Parkman has so well put it, "A mighty promontory, rugged and bare, thrust its scarped front into the surging torrent. Here clothed in the majesty of solitude, breaking the stern poetry of the wilderness, rose the cliffs now rich with heroic memories where the fiery Frontenac cast defiance at his foes, where Wolfe, Montcalm and Montgomery fell". Heroic memories! No pageant could convey an adequate idea of that side of Quebec's history from the time that Champlain built his house and planted his garden down to the hour when Lord Durham landed two hundred and thirty years later to grapple with the sedition and discontent which seemed to be leading Canada at a hand gallop towards separation. Champlain and Kirke, Frontenac and Laval, Wolfe and Montcalm, Carleton and Montgomery, Brock and de Salaberry, at the head of a picturesque medley of Indians and Jesuits, of Ursuline nuns, *courreurs de bois*, soldiers, sailors, habitants, are indelibly associated with the romantic upbuilding of Canada.

Slow to follow up the discoveries made by venturesome spirits like Cabot and Cartier, England and France set about the business of transatlantic colonising in earnest at the beginning of the seventeenth century. From the first the New Englanders on the coast regarded Quebec and the attempts of France to create an empire for herself in America as a menace to be removed at any cost. They were well backed by English seadogs ever spoiling for a fight. To a very large extent the struggle centred on Quebec. Champlain had been in possession twenty years when Admiral Kirke appeared with his fleet. French resources in men and material were not equal to the defence. For three years Quebec was in English hands, but Charles I. returned it to serve the ends of the British monarchy. When the masterful Frontenac was in charge half a century later, the English got a very different reception. Frontenac replied to Admiral Phipps' demands by the mouths of his cannon, as he put it. With the exception of the Kirke interval, the English colonists had to tolerate the presence of the French on the vantage ground of the S. Lawrence headland during a century and a half. From Quebec issued explorers like La Salle and La Vérendrye, some keen to secure the whole of the Continent behind the English settlements for France, some to find a route to the Western Sea by the big rivers and lakes. In Quebec were matured the intrigues and the schemes which kept the Canadian Indians and the Iroquois Confederacy in a state of chronic strife, involving horrors unmatched in savage warfare; from Quebec went forth, many of them to martyrdom, the Jesuit missionaries, the trappers, the traders, and the soldiers who hoped to make good French claims to three parts of a continent the extent of which was unknown to them.

Quebec for the British Empire in North America has been like a rocky headland on the eroding coast. The tides may eat into the shore on either side, but they beat against the solid height in vain. In the American War of Independence British generals blundered and fortune played into the hands of Washington and his fellow rebels. Montreal fell and Canada would have been at the mercy of the invader but for the sentinel of S. Lawrence. The American insurgent knew that whilst Quebec was in British hands Canada could never be his. He sought by every artifice to win over priest and habitant whom for so long he had held in contempt and endeavoured to crush; he sent two of his best generals and some of the finest of the troops at

his command to capture the fortress which Wolfe had seized; happily his intrigues and his prowess were as the tides. If Arnold and Montgomery had got inside its walls, Quebec to-day would certainly not be British. Carleton's defence throws Wolfe's triumph into greater relief. Montcalm has enjoyed a posthumous glory second only to Wolfe's; he had his difficulties, corruption and jealousy were rife in the beleaguered city which Wolfe battered at from Point Levi, but when every allowance is made it is difficult not to feel that Montcalm should have held Quebec. His success would have changed the history of empires.

Splendid as the Quebec pageant no doubt is in its variety and comprehension, it of necessity falls short of a complete picture of the forces which have made Canada what she is. Champlain was the founder, Wolfe the captor, but the true parent of modern Canada was neither explorer nor soldier. The Earl of Durham undertook as forlorn a hope as was ever faced by courageous statesmanship when he went out in 1839 to tackle the problem "of war between two races in a single State". The union of the Canadas and the grant of responsible government were the result of his brilliant conception of the position. Durham made possible the good work of Macdonald in 1867. In this hour of happy commemoration neither Canada nor the Empire can afford to ignore Durham. Without him Earl Grey's National Park, the memorial to the fusion as well as the fighting qualities of the two races who merge in the Canadian, would have been impossible.

It is curious that both Wolfe and Durham, the two men who did most in Canada for British supremacy, should be denied a clear title to credit for all they did. Whether the ascent of the cliff to the Plains of Abraham by the Anse au Foulon, now Wolfe's Cove, was Wolfe's idea or was suggested to him by his captains is a point on which authority is divided. Major Wood appears to have no doubt on the point. He talks of Wolfe's secrecy and happy flash of inspiration.\* Whosoever conceived the idea, Wolfe, ill as he was, carried it out; the responsibility was Wolfe's; the honour must be his as assuredly would have been the dishonour in failure. In the same way Durham's report, according to his enemies, was due to his secretaries. Wakefield thought it, Buller wrote it, Durham signed it, said one. "The matter came from a felon, the style from a coxcomb, and the dictator furnished only six letters, D-u-r-h-a-m", said Brougham in his genial way. The evidence to-day that Durham did draft the historic document is ample.

There is no place for the study-table in pageantry. Yet its associations may be heroic as those of the stricken field. Statesmanship gave us Canada; but for Pitt, Wolfe would never have been in command on the S. Lawrence, and Bute recognised this when he actually proposed in 1760 to make Pitt governor of the conquered province. It was statesmanship which saved Canada to the Empire when the Little Englanders of other days, Cabinet Ministers and permanent officials alike, regarded the Colonies as *damnosa hereditas*—the actual words and many variants of them are on record. In the Quebec Pageant we find Francis I., Henri IV. and representative figures of the French courts; they impersonate the forces which assisted to destroy New France. French kings authorised courageous pioneers to set themselves down in the wilderness, but denied them freedom to act for themselves and failed to support them in the hour of danger. England has gone to the other extreme, but her monarchy has corrected the errors of councillors, and hers is the better if not the perfect way. Quebec's chequered past is one long strand of object lessons in imperial statesmanship. Even the fine fleets in the S. Lawrence at this moment should be something more than an adjunct to Mr Lascelles' programme. Wolfe depended on the co-operation of Admiral Saunders. France failed to hold Canada when she failed to hold her own at sea; England lost her American colonies when she lost command of the Atlantic. That is Quebec's message to Whitehall.

\* "The Fight for Canada." By Major William Wood. Popular Reissue. Constable. 1908. 7s. 6d. net.

## THE COPY-BOOK IN THE STREET.

THE "Schoolmaster abroad," March of Intellect, Progress of Education, or by whatever name it pleases him to be worshipped, has taken of late years to scribbling in our public streets and buildings scraps of excellent but utterly "fade" advice, of no use to any, mocked at by the unregenerate and a rock of offence to the law-abiding. "Stick no Bills" may be permitted to him : he did not invent it and it is, besides, becoming rarer in days when every hoarding is pre-empt. It always seemed a foolish prohibition, stuck up as it generally was on blank walls in culs de sac where, except in the throes of an election, no one would ever dream of putting up a bill. If it was necessary for protection, why was it never seen on the fronts of houses? At all events, the days are long dead in which an offender could 'scape whipping by pleading with "droll squinting W—" that "he did not know the thing had been forewarned". Ignorance of the law excuseth no man ; if I stick a bill on a wall which is not my own, of course I do it at my peril. No need to tell me so.

The powers that be have adorned the lamp-posts with tin phylacteries bidding all wheeled traffic "Keep to the Left". Surely a man ignorant that the rule of the road is a paradox quite should be strictly confined to his yard, and should not be permitted to take a cab into London.

Another precept beautifies our places of public resort—a maxim too much needed, which, unpleasant though it be, we should welcome had we the faintest hope that its frequent repetition would do a mite of good—the sometimes exhortation, sometimes warning against spitting. Two hundred years ago indeed, in that Salon at Marey where the old Roi Soleil sat at work with Pontchartrain, the court would have been much the better of a placard "Défense de cracher". Louis did not mind, was either too purblind to see or too proud to notice. Only the Duchess of Burgundy turned up that charming "nez qui ne disoit rien" and bullied the Grand Monarque about his "vilain borgne". For two hundred years our manners, if not our morals, have mended in delicacy, if not in dignity. In these days the man who requires warning against spitting is an outlaw who will not heed it ; the man who would heed it does not need it. Then there is another maxim, but "decency forbids".

And there is yet another notice to be seen in station booking-offices, in Tube lifts, at the Zoo—very offensive and utterly futile—"Beware of Pickpockets". Why, certainly ! Most people do give them as wide a berth as possible. Except perhaps losing it to the Ring, the meanest way of getting rid of your substance is to be robbed of it. Every sane man buttons his coat over his watch-chain before going into a crowd, and keeps his hand in his pocket among his half-crowns. Besides, as Hood wrote on the farmyard gate "Ware be the dog?" Ware be the pickpocket ? If the railway companies would induce Corporal Nym and Lieutenant Bardolph to wear a red ribbon on their collar as, in the hunting-field, a convicted kicker does on his tail, their warning might be of some avail. As it is, the grave monition only inspires old ladies with unjust suspicions of their neighbours, and never averted the abstraction of a threepenny-bit.

The railways are very free with their advice gratis. Having run the gauntlet of Nym and Bardolph, having paid as much attention to another notice, "No smoking allowed on the platform," as you think the injunction merits, you take your seat in a third class and are at once confronted with a sort of vulgar decalogue. First, our old friend "Stick no bills," generally converted, by the exquisite pleasantry of 'Arry, into "Suck no Bills". Next we are told not to cut the cushions or straps with knives. This is aiblins nae temptation. Though we have heard it whispered that a well-worn window-strap makes the best of razor-straps, we prefer to acquire such things by the humdrum way of purchase. As well might they write up "Gentlemen are requested not to scratch their left ear with their right foot". These things are not done. Then we are forbidden to put our feet on the seats, a law much honoured in the breach ; yet

with a distinction, in the breaking of it, between sheep and goat, the former putting his rug or his daily paper between his boots and the valuable tapestry, while the latter lawless beast sprawls his unwashed hoofs about regardless. Next we are told not to put our heads out o' window, which, considering that there is a bar across, so that the head projects through a painful pillory, is gratuitous insult. Next, not to get in or out while the train is in motion. Our own bodies being of more value to us than many railway directors, one would not think this advice needed. Unhappily this rule is very necessary, but it is nearly useless because so rarely obeyed. Lastly, we are told not to stop the train unless we want so to do. Far be it from us ! though we have known it attempted, and an utter failure the attempt turned out, the communication not being in working order when the microcephalous idiot pulled it.

In one particular the railway decalogue differs from the original—every commandment contains a promise ; at least a menace, the fine in each case being duly set forth. Given an amount of original sin sufficient to make any breach of law desirable, the fine does not act as a deterrent. This is indeed our quarrel with the written law of public places, with the whole placarded programme of pretty behaviour. Nine out of ten do not need, the tenth does not heed it. Rather, it rouses him to increased misdoing, like that indiscreet confessor who taught his penitent to grease the horse's teeth.

## THE GENIUS AND FAILURE OF BERLIOZ.

BY ARTHUR SYMONS.

**I**N a sane, perspicuous and sympathetic book of M. Romain Rolland, filled with illuminative ideas, "Musiciens d'Aujourd'hui" (Paris, Hachette), there is a comparison between the lives and careers of Berlioz and Wagner. Both suffered, and waited for fame ; but Wagner had friends to support him, Berlioz was alone ; and while Wagner triumphed in his lifetime, Berlioz died hopeless, declaring that his music would never be heard after his death. Wagner has been pitied for his early struggles and difficulties, but few are aware of the continual agonies of Berlioz from beginning to end of his career. He had no hope, no belief, no confidence in himself ; he was uncertain in his life, uncertain in his genius ; he passed unconsciously from love to indifference, deserted his wife for other women, suffered from remorse ; he ruined his health by excessive fatigue, sleeping in the streets, in the snow ; he died, "a walking shadow", and shortly before his death he compared his life to

"a tale  
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,  
Signifying nothing."

There is a passage in his memoirs which is more pathetic than any record of Wagner's poverty and struggles. The idea of a symphony had occurred to him, the first movement was in his head, he had only to write it down. And that symphony was never written, because he had not enough money to support himself and his wife during the two or three months of complete absorption which the work demanded. The theme of the allegro pursued him, kept him awake ; he struggled to put it out of his head ; and sleep blotted out all memory of it. What would Wagner have done ? Mr. Rolland asks. "Il eût écrit, sans doute."

Among his many sufferings was the physical torture which he endured in the act of composing. He fell into paroxysms, convulsions of the nerves, spasmodic contractions of the muscles ; he trembled from head to foot, wept, lost almost all sense of sight and hearing. And his whole life was a similar hallucination and agony ; he failed lamentably in every undertaking, wandered in a bewilderment through life, unconscious of the treasures that he was throwing away with an almost insane prodigality.

In his last days he talked of destroying his scores, believing that they would never be heard. He had been misunderstood in his own country, and distanced by his rival, Wagner, who praised him in private and attacked him in public. (What was it, that malicious

strain that we find under Wagner's persistent self-complacency, was it the Jewish element?) And to-day we find Weingartner opening the "Benvenuto" overture, with the conviction that Berlioz was destitute of melodic invention, and finding, in a tiny composition that could be played in ten minutes, five great melodies of the richest invention. He says: "I began to laugh, with delight at having discovered a treasure, and with fury at realising the limitations of the human mind". And when he comes to edit Berlioz' complete works we find him saying: "In spite of Wagner and Liszt, we should not be where we are if Berlioz had not lived."

M. Rolland places Berlioz at a great height, next after Beethoven, Mozart, Handel, and Wagner. Berlioz just misses that supremacy. As in his life, so in his music, there was something lacking, some rift in the lute, some flaw in the wood. His melodies are flawless, divine; but he was incapable of developing them; they stand out, splendid and solitary, amid an often meaningless hubbub of the orchestra. It is possible to write out of inspiration, and yet to fall aside into some temptation, to accept rhetoric, to practise display. Was it incapacity, or an irresistible impulse towards noise, empty splendour, chaos? No orchestra ever satisfied his manie du grandeur; he could never get his thunders to crackle loud enough. And there is something in his orchestra, "à la fois colossal et vaporeux," which, in its violence, lacks that depth of sound which Wagner could get out of fewer instruments. Wagner, no doubt, learnt from Berlioz, as Strauss did; but Wagner, when he borrowed, made the theft his own property, as in his many plagiarisms from Liszt, where a trivial melody became a thing of marvellous beauty.

Berlioz, for all his sincerity, was deliberate; the moment's spontaneity drifted away, and the effort began. It is astonishing that music so French, so popular, should have failed to attract the general public. There was no kind of music in which he did not experiment. He cultivated the macabre, and in the "Damnation de Faust" and the "Symphonie Fantastique" there are tremendous effects of horror which rise to heights of sublimity and sink to depths of emptiness. The "Dance of Sylphs" has become one of the popular pieces at the Promenade Concerts; it is rare and original, and a continual delight. And the air of the "King of Thule" is as beautiful, as inspired, as any song of Schubert, or Schumann, or Brahms. Passages of supreme loveliness occur at intervals through that tremendous but not wholly achieved masterpiece, in which there are intervals of mere noise between one splendour and another. I remember hearing the "Béatrice et Bénédict" given for the first time in Paris, at the Odéon, some ten years ago; one scene, the garden scene, was of unparalleled beauty, and before it and after it were mere trivialities and prettiness.

Schumann, writing of the "Symphonie Fantastique" foresaw in it the suggestion of a new kind of music. "The present age", he said, "has produced nothing in which equal measures and rhythms, combined with unequal measures and rhythms, have been used so freely. The second part of a phrase rarely corresponds with the first part." And he adds that these musical phrases are fluid and vibrating, like life itself, and each sound so intense that, as in many of the old folk-songs, there is no harmony. Yet Schumann is conscious that here and there, among a great variety of combinations, there were vulgar and trivial and sometimes incorrect harmonies. Some of them, he admits, are magnificent, others vague and indeterminate, and seem to be sought out and far-fetched. But what an air Berlioz gives to it! he concludes in his generous way.

"La musique de Berlioz", said Heine (who had already christened him "a colossal nightingale, a lark as large as an eagle") "me fait songer à de gigantesques espèces de bêtes éteintes, à de fabuleux empires : Babylone, les jardins suspendus de Sémiramis, les merveilles de Ninive." Berlioz himself, in a letter in which he gave a list of his works, refers to the "Requiem", the "Symphonie Funèbre et Triomphale", and the "Te Deum" as compositions "du genre colossal" or "en style énorme". The "Te Deum" is written for four orchestras of brass instruments, each

separate, "dialoguant à distance autour du grand orchestre et de la masse des voix". And Berlioz calls his "Requiem" a cataclysm of music.

This monstrous, tormented, grandiose world of sound, splendid, chaotic, incoherent, might remind us of two English painters, Martin and Haydon, who strained their powers beyond their limits and failed to achieve greatness. It was for Martin, and his "Belshazzar's Feast", that Lamb invented the splendid phrase, "the material sublime". He admits that the "towered structures", "whether they were dreams or transcripts of some older workmanship—Assyrian old ruins—restored by this mighty artist satisfy our most stretched and craving conceptions of the glories of the antique world". And then, when the shadowy landscape begins to be peopled, there is nothing but "huddle, flutter, bustle, escape, alarm, and mock alarm; the prettiness heightened by consternation"; and we are asked, "Is this vulgar fright, this mere animal anxiety for the preservation of their persons, an adequate exponent of a supernatural terror?" Yes, in Berlioz' portentous music there are the "towered structures" and the "huddle of vulgar consternation".

The failure of Berlioz was like the fall of Icarus; his wings melted from him at a great height, and there was no one to lift him after his fall. His tireless ambition carried him again and again into the unattainable skies, and again and again he fell under him the hardness of the inhospitable earth. He died of exhaustion, like a beggar by the wayside. Then the world saw, too late, and gave him a splendid funeral.

#### PORRO UNUM . . .

BY MAX BEERBOHM.

BY graceful custom, every newcomer to a throne in Europe pays a round of visits to his neighbours. When King Edward came from Reval, his subjects seemed to assume that he had fulfilled the last demand on his civility. Far be it from me to suggest that a new monarch must go indiscriminately everywhere. Assuredly there are cases in which it is well that some country or countries be passed over. It is well that King Edward shun Turkey, for example. Turkey is not internationally powerful, nor is her Sultan connected with our royal family by ties of kinship; and thus we can, by ignoring her, assert our humanitarianism and passion for liberty, quite safely, and quite politely. But, nearer to us, nestling in the very heart of Europe, perfectly civilised and strifeless, jewelled all over with freedom, is another country which our King has not visited since his accession, and which, oddly enough, no one seems to expect him to visit. Why, I ask, is Switzerland cold-shouldered?

I admit she does not appeal to the romantic imagination. She never has, as a nation, counted for anything. Physically soaring out of sight, morally and intellectually she has lain low and said nothing. Not one idea, not one deed, has she to her credit. All that is worth knowing of her history can be set forth without compression in a few lines of a guide-book. Her one and only hero—William Tell—never, as we now know, existed. He has been proved to be a myth. Also, he is the one and only myth that Switzerland has managed to create. He exhausted her poor little stock of imagination. Living as pygmies among the blind excesses of Nature, her sons have had no chance of fine development, have been overwhelmed from the outset. Even if they had a language of their own, they would have no literature. Not one painter, not one musician have they produced; only couriers, guides, waiters, and other parasites. A smug, tame, sly, dull, mercenary little race of men, they exist by and for the alien tripper. They are the fine flower of commercial civilisation, the shining symbol of international comity, and have never done anybody any harm. I cannot imagine why the King should not give them the incomparable advertisement of a visit. Not that they are badly in need of advertisement over here. Every year the British trippers to Switzerland vastly outnumber the British trippers to any other land—a fact which shows how little the romantic imagination tells

as against cheapness and comfort of hotels and the notion that a heart strained by climbing is good for the health. And this fact does but make our Sovereign's abstention the more remarkable. Switzerland is not "smart", but a King is not the figure-head merely of his entourage : he is the whole nation's figure-head. Switzerland, alone among nations, is a British institution, and King Edward ought not to snub it. That we expect him to snub it, without protest from us, seems to me a rather grave symptom of funkeyism.

Fiercely resenting that imputation, you proceed to raise difficulties. "Who", you ask, "would there be to receive the King in the name of the Swiss nation?" I promptly answer "The President of the Swiss Republic". You did not expect that. You had quite forgotten, if indeed you had ever heard, that there was any such person. For the life of you, you could not tell me his name. His name is not very widely known even in Switzerland. A friend of mine, who was in Switzerland lately, tells me that he asked one Swiss after another what was the name of the President, and that they all sought refuge in polite astonishment at such ignorance, and, when pressed for the name, could only screw up their eyes and solemnly declare that they had it on the tip of their tongues. This is just as it should be. In an ideal republic there should be no one whose name might not at any moment slip the memory of his fellows. Some sort of a foreman there must be, for the State's convenience ; but the more obscure he be, and the more automatic, the better for the ideal of equality. In the Republics of France and of America the President is of an extrusive kind. His office has been fashioned on the monarchic model, and his whole position is anomalous. He has to try to be ornamental as well as useful, a symbol as well as a pivot. Obviously, it is absurd to single out one man as a symbol of the equality of all men. And not less unreasonable is it to expect him to be inspiring as a patriotic symbol, an incarnation of his country. Only an anointed king, whose forefathers were kings too, can be that. In France, where kings have been, no one can get up the slightest pretence of emotion for the President. If the President is modest and unassuming, and doesn't, as did the late M. Faure, make an ass of himself by behaving in a kingly manner, he is safe from ridicule : the amused smiles that follow him are not unkind. But in no case is anyone proud of him. Never does anyone see France in him. In America, where no kings have been, they are able to make a pretence of enthusiasm for a President. But no real chord of national sentiment is touched by this eminent gentleman who has no past or future eminence, who has been shoved forward for a space and will anon be sent packing in favour of some other upstart. Let some princeling of a foreign State set foot in America, and lo ! all the inhabitants are tumbling over one another in their desire for a glimpse of him—a desire which is the natural and pathetic outcome of their unsatisfied inner craving for a dynasty of their own. Human nature being what it is, a monarchy is the best expedient all the world over. But, given a republic, let the thing be done thoroughly, let the appearances be well kept up, as in Switzerland. Let the President be, as there, a furtive creature and insignificant, not merely coming no man knows whence, nor merely passing no man knows whither, but existing no man knows where ; and existing not even as a name—except on the tip of the tongue. National dignity, as well as the republican ideal, is served better thus. Besides, it is less trying for the President.

And yet, stronger than all my sense of what is right and proper is the desire in me that the President of the Swiss Republic should, just for once, be dragged forth, blinking, from his burrow in Berne (Berne is the capital of Switzerland) into the glare of European publicity, and be driven in a landau to the railway-station, there to await the King of England and kiss him on either cheek when he dismounts from the train, while the massed orchestras of all the principal hotels play our national anthem, and also a Swiss national anthem, hastily composed for the occasion. I want him to entertain the King, that evening, at a great banquet, whereat His Majesty will have the President's wife on his right hand, and will make a brief but graceful speech in the Swiss language (English, French, German and Italian,

consecutively) referring to the glorious and never-to-be-forgotten name of William Tell (*embarrassed silence*) and to the vast number of his subjects who annually visit Switzerland (*loud and prolonged cheers*). Next morning, let there be a review of twenty thousand waiters from all parts of the country, all the head-waiters receiving a modest grade of the Victorian Order. Later in the day, let the King visit the National Gallery—a hall filled with picture post-cards of the most picturesque spots in Switzerland ; and thence let him be conducted to the principal factory of cuckoo-clocks, and, after some of the clocks have been made to strike, be heard remarking to the President, with a hearty laugh, that the sound is just like that of the cuckoo. How the second day of the visit would be filled up, I do not know : I leave that to the President's discretion. Before his departure to the frontier, the King will of course be made honorary manager of one of the principal hotels.

I hope to be present in Berne during these great days in the President's life. But, if anything happen to keep me here, I shall content myself with the prospect of his visit to London. I long to see him and his wife driving past, with the proper escort of Life Guards, under an avenue of quadrilingual mottoes, bowing acknowledgments to us. I wonder what he is like. I picture him as a small spare man, with a slightly grizzled beard, and pleasant though shifty eyes behind a pince-nez. I picture him frock-coated, bowler-hatted, and evidently nervous. His wife I cannot at all imagine.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### MR. BALFOUR'S "ARRIVAL".

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Codford S. Peter Rectory, Wilts,  
22 July 1908.

SIR,—If Mr. Balfour has arrived, he surely does not, as our French neighbours say, come from arriving, for you will remember that the ill-fated Education Bill of 1896 contained an all-round facilities clause. That clause, and with it the Bill, fell through in consequence of determined Liberal hostility and the lukewarmness of Churchpeople. I confess I was one of the country clergy who believed the objections to outweigh greatly the benefits. We doubted if the Church could take advantage of permission to enter the Board schools, and we felt very keenly the impairment of religious discipline and Church tone that must befall schools built by Churchmen for a special purpose. We particularly disliked the daily lesson in religious indifferentism which would be set before the eyes of the children. This, to be sure, was just the line taken by the Liberals, who openly affirmed that it was demoralising to tolerate in State schools dissent from the civic Protestantism of the good Englishman. But then we were consistent and they were not.

Well, Sir, we too, I think, have arrived, in the sense that Mr. Balfour's policy now appears to us the only possible one, and the one that approximates most closely to justice. No scheme can be more than a pis aller, for a State divided hopelessly in religion which attempts to carry out a great national work so essentially religious as education is unable at the best to do more than cobble the problem. Facilities all round are not really fairness all round, for Churchmen built the Church schools, but Dissenters did not build the Board schools. We value "atmosphere", and they do not. We regard education—the training of body, soul, and spirit for time and eternity—as a thing of one piece, woven from the top throughout ; they—at least the political ones—look on it as a secular work, with a little religious teaching thrown in, and the teacher as a mere Civil servant, into whose qualifications to teach religion it is sacrilege to enquire.

Still, it is clearly impossible for the parish priest to regard the village school in the old light of the hand-maid of the Church. The Church now only finds the building, and, as you say, Sir, the Kenyon-Slaney cause gave away the whole principle. But when we are

bidden to "face the truth that Church schools as such will cease to be", becoming State schools into which the different denominations have a certain right of entry for a short time every day, I do not feel sure, Sir, that we have yet "arrived". Please educate us further, but recognise that the pill is a very bitter one, and that the sacrifice asked of the Church, which covered England with her schools long before politicians gave a thought to the education of the poor, is enormous. It was the abolition of these eleven thousand schools which caused the S. Asaph proposal to disappear in a "universal hiss". No one but a curé de campagne can realise what the village Church school still means to the Church—not merely, I would add, as ministering to the rector's self-importance. And the change would be most unpopular with parents generally. I am quite sure of that. Nor is it certain that undenominationalism would not, after all, establish itself as the one State-paid and State-recognised religion, for the Bishops are mostly in favour of it. Undenominationalism has deep roots in the British temper, and Mr. Balfour himself hinted that the State would have to supply it for the children left outside denominational care—certainly no one would subscribe sixpence to it out of his own pocket. Then there will be the question of prayers—there are sure to be prayers and they are sure to be undenominational ones. A further difficulty is about historical readers. Are the children never to learn anything about the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries? If the Church managers have been hitherto deplorably careless as to what the Church children did learn, Roman Catholics will not be so. And what about religious emblems and pictures? Nearly every Church school has incidents in the history of the Church of England displayed on its walls—the S.P.C.K. lately issued an admirable and very popular one of the martyrdom of Laud. One has only to look at the pictures of the sacred heart of Our Lady and the like in Dissenting cottages to be convinced that the parents, whatever their persuasion, do not mind. But the county authorities will insist on everything being Protestant undenominational, like the prize-books they now give.

The clergy will not in the least object to the parents being made the final authority as to what their children are to be taught. In fact, they insist on it. But that does not mean that they will offer to teach just what the parishioners want, any more than they will tune their pulpits to it, or that the Church resigns her authority over those who avow themselves her sons and daughters, or that the Church of England is bound to supply a building for the inculcation of every form of creed, including Socinianism and secularism. The modern unauthoritative State need have no such scruples. It has ceased to have a religious conscience. It has absolutely no right to dictate to parents what their children shall learn, to frame religious syllabuses or disallow this or that doctrine. It must pay for all religions or none. But we should prefer that it paid for none. It would have to pay for anti-Christianity as well as for Christianity, for Mormonism and Theosophy as well as for the Catholic faith. Finding highchurch teaching for some parents and lowchurch or broad-church teaching for others, it would infallibly come to decide as referee upon debated points. Let it then pay for none, and leave it to the parents to settle what is to be taught, and by whom, among themselves. If they have to find a little money, this will test their sincerity—at present they pay nothing, and therefore care little, for their children's education. Subscribers, moreover, will be eased as ratepayers. Undenominationalism, at any rate, will die a natural death.

The late Lord Salisbury used to favour generous facilities for starting minority schools. Efficiency and economy would suffer, but then a nation must pay some price for the luxury of religious disunion. This solution, however, has few supporters. I hope that all Churchmen will rally to Mr. Balfour's side.

Your very obedient servant,  
DOUGLAS MACLEANE,  
Proctor in Convocation.

[This letter is very significant; showing the change of attitude amongst the clergy formerly most opposed

to a pan-denominational settlement. We could not acquiesce in the State paying for undenominational teaching unless it paid for every kind of denominational teaching asked for by the parents as well: it must be all or none. Mr. Macleane seems rather to overlook the immense importance of breaking down the reign of Cowper-Templeism in the provided schools.—ED. S.R.]

#### THE CETINJE TRIAL.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

21 July, 1908.

SIR,—It is difficult, as well as distasteful, to argue with an anonymous adversary. I do not know whether his ignorance is real or affected. He suggests that the murders of 1903 were merely mentioned to prejudice the case against Peter and George Karageorgević with regard to conspiracy in Montenegro. But surely, as counsel for the prosecution, I am entitled to recall a previous conviction. And, as I have pointed out, the bomb affair is a corollary to the palace mutilations. Having been used successfully in the settlement of home affairs, murder has now been introduced as an engine of foreign policy.

I can guess why your correspondent has "no intention of arguing out the various points". But why did he raise them? I have brought definite charges against Peter and George Karageorgević, and am ready to support them with documentary evidence. Vague denials are not sufficient to clear the accused, nor is there anything inherently absurd in a man of Peter Karageorgević's antecedents being the accomplice of assassins.

As to the trial at Cetinje, who will be convinced by the opinions of an anonymous Montenegrin quoted by your anonymous correspondent? Instead of being unpopular, the present Ministry is applauded throughout Montenegro for having saved the lives of the Royal Family; and if the sentences could have been passed by a popular jury, nearly all the prisoners would have been condemned to death. It must be remembered that the charges brought against them were proved up to the hilt; indeed, a number of the principal prisoners confessed everything. As to Mr. Gojnić, I refuse to believe that he is "personally hated". Never in any court of justice have I seen a milder, kindlier judge, or one more anxious to afford every indulgence to the defence.

Your correspondent admits inspiration from the regicide press bureau, but he does not strengthen his case by confessing that his calumnies were "gleaned from the various newspapers published throughout the Servian world". Who but regicide paymasters primed those newspapers with the inventions which they published with significant unanimity?

Your correspondent seems to suffer from an attack of Austria on the brain. So far as I can diagnose the symptoms of his disease, he imagines that Austria has been engaged upon a Machiavellian plot to embroil Servia and Montenegro, inventing conspiracies, suborning witnesses, and poisoning the press. He reminds me of certain old ladies who live in constant dread of finding Jesuits under their beds. I suppose he will admit that his theory is a surprising one, but he does not trouble to give us a tittle of evidence in support of it. Nor does he make it appear even plausible. Why should Austria trouble to do so many wicked things to set Servia and Montenegro by the ears when the Servian Government has already embarked, of its own initiative, upon a violent campaign against Montenegro? If anyone doubts that this has been the Servian policy, I need only refer him to the correspondence read by Dr. Tomanović in the Montenegrin Parliament last February.

No sooner had parliamentary institutions been introduced into Montenegro than the Servian press began a campaign of vituperation, attacking not only the Montenegrin Government but even the Prince. This was tacitly endorsed by the official press of Belgrade, which refused to publish an official denial of false rumours of a revolution in Montenegro. An official note was then addressed by Dr. Tomanović to the Servian Prime Minister, protesting against the unfriendly

attitude of a brother-country. He inquired in the most friendly manner whether Montenegro had done anything to provoke attack and offered to do everything in his power to remove a misunderstanding.

On 11 June, 1907 (the anniversary of the murders) a proclamation was published by some Montenegrin students in Belgrade calling upon Montenegro to revolt. Dr. Tomanović sent a telegram to the Servian Government requesting that this proclamation might be suppressed. Pašić replied that the proclamation was not an invitation to rebellion but to "political strife", that this was not forbidden by the Servian law, and that he would send an explanation by Simić, the Servian Minister at Vienna. Before this explanation was received, the Servian bomb conspiracy against Montenegro was discovered, together with the letter of Lieutenant Vukotić implicating Peter Karageorgević.

I need not go further into the grievances of Montenegro against regicide Servia. I have quoted enough to show that the aggression of Servia originated at Belgrade and not at Vienna. If you care to follow the whole history of the relations between Servia and Montenegro, I shall be happy to send you the full text of Dr. Tomanovic's speech. Meanwhile I will content myself with quoting his peroration, which conveys a salutary warning to the Servian people: "Splinters never fall very far away from the wood-cutter, and he who will not have his brother for a brother will have the stranger for his master."

I am, Sir,  
Your faithful, humble servant,  
HERBERT VIVIAN.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

14 July, 1908.

SIR.—In reading Mr. Vivian's interesting article on Montenegro, and his circumstantial letter about the trial at Cetinje, I note that he professes enthusiasm for Prince Nicholas of Montenegro, in contrast to his former views of that Sovereign. Prince Nicholas has done a great deal for his country, and he is certainly a patriarchal and patriotic ruler; nevertheless over thirty thousand out of his quarter of a million of subjects have found it best to "emphasise their devotion" to him by emigrating to America, and the Montenegrins have had to have recourse to legislation to prevent further depopulation. "To lament pathetically the helplessness of persuading anybody to remain a member of the Opposition" is one way of explaining the breakdown of the constitutional system in Montenegro, but it is nearer the truth to say that systematic persecution and spoliation of their political opponents by Prince Nicholas and his Minister, M. Tomanović, have made parliamentary opposition impossible.

The cruel and barbarous way in which the prisoners at Cetinje were treated pending the trial is sufficient to account for the evidence they gave; as for M. Nastić, the principal witness, Mr. Vivian does not deny that he is a paid agent of the Austrian police in Bosnia, nor does he explain what took M. Nastić to Servia. The photographic reproduction of M. Nastić's correspondence, which appeared in the Croatian press, show that he was working for Austria in her endeavours to embroil Servia and Montenegro.

If the evidence is as conclusive and if Prince Nicholas is as patriotic as Mr. Vivian says, then the trial could have been held without employing the services of an agent of Austria, whose Government is the great enemy of the Servian people in all the countries between the Danube and the Adriatic.

I am, Sir, your humble servant,  
NEVILL FORBES.

## PUBLIC SCHOOL CRICKET.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

**The Royal Automobile Club, 119 Piccadilly,  
London, W., 19 July, 1908.**

SIR,—May I supplement the excellent article on Public School Cricket in your last issue by a few words from an old Eton dry-bob?

It seems generally forgotten that Eton is severely handicapped in cricket against such large schools as Harrow by its proximity to the Thames. Half, or more than half, the school study and practice rowing, not cricket; and this, besides diminishing the number of boys from whom an eleven can be chosen, also diminishes the encouragement and opportunities of many boys to whom both are due; for it often happens that a cricketing boy finds himself in a house in which the head boys and perhaps the majority of the boys prefer boating. In such a case the arrangement of matches with other houses is neglected, and it is possible for a boy to go through his whole Eton course without ever playing in a house match, besides his having no one whom he can regard as his friend and counsellor in cricket. The fact is that the dry-bobs ought to have their own organisation, independent of the wet-bobs.

I am your obedient servant,

FRANCIS COUTTS.

## **THE DAYLIGHT SAVING BILL.**

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

**Sloane Square, S.W., 14 July, 1908.**

SIR.—In your last issue "W." asks who is to get the servants up in the morning to cook the breakfast. I reply, the clock. That it will get them up is proved by a letter which I received from a gentleman at Hampstead last year. Here is a copy:

" 2 December, 1907.

"DEAR SIR,—Apropos of your 'Waste of Daylight' pamphlet, you will no doubt be amused to hear that, taking a favourable opportunity, I tried the scheme on my household this morning with conspicuous success. Last evening I put all the clocks and watches, with the exception of my nurse's, which I could not get hold of, on exactly one hour; I chose one whole hour as being less likely to attract attention and fortunately no one noticed my movement. The servants' alarm went off at 5 A.M. instead of 6, and we were called in corresponding 'earliness': the first note of suspicion was that it was extra dark; then the nurse arrived up to say her clock was different to all the rest, and she felt sure it was earlier than the other servants made out. The rest of the clocks were found to correspond with each other, and she was consequently told not to make a fool of herself. All the time I feigned absolute ignorance and pretended to be too sleepy to trouble. The cook became suspicious by not noticing anyone about, and the lights in the other houses being fewer than usual, so she opened the front door and asked the first passer-by the time; the man of course informed her that it was 6.15. not 7.15, but she had to be convinced that he was wrong by again looking at the clocks, and after that settled down to her work. However, the canary was not satisfied and would not awaken properly, and both my children, eight years and four years respectively, seemed to think something was amiss. Finally my wife came just as breakfast was ready, and after suggesting that it would be a curious thing to happen if a mistake had been made, said it really seemed just as if Mr. Willett's scheme had come true, at which statement I could not but chime in and explain what had really occurred. Fortunately everyone took it in good part, and as for myself, tho' it was so early in the morning, I never laughed so much. Had it not been that others were not doing likewise, there would not have been any suspicion aroused, and it only proves how habit governs us in these matters.

"Yours very truly,

"W." tries to frighten us with many terrible things that he thinks will happen when the Bill passes into law. They did not happen at the Cape, or in Hong Kong, or in Victoria, or New South Wales, or Queensland, when they altered their clocks. We are certainly of the same flesh and blood as the dwellers in these places. Is our mental capacity less?

Yours faithfully,

W. WILLETT.

## REVIEWS.

## THE IMPORTANCE OF THE DESERT.

"Wanderings in Arabia." By Charles M. Doughty.  
London: Duckworth. 1908. 2 vols. 16s.

TO appreciate the importance of Mr. Doughty's book on the desert it is necessary to realise the importance of the desert itself. The Arab race and the Moslem religion have been the twin products of the desert and both have exerted on human affairs the same stimulating effect. Not only is the Arab the most excitable of mortals but he has always possessed an extraordinary power of communicating his excitability to others. Half the conflicts of the world for the last twelve hundred years have been connected with the Arab or Saracen influence. Syrians, Indians, Kurds, Persians; the Negros of the Sudan and the Khabili tribe of the Atlas Mountains have felt in turn that contagious example and been roused and fired by it. Even of the original Arab conquests it has been pointed out that they were indeed not so much conquests as a revolt, a revolt, universal and widespread, against worn-out Paganism, for which the Arabs supplied the necessary leaders, and into which they infused their own daring and their own impetuosity. To the semi-enslaved victims of Imperial routine the Arabs came more as deliverers than conquerors. They were the whip-lash laid across humanity's bare back to sting it into action. They have played much the same part ever since. Wherever throughout the Near East and Northern and Central Africa there occur risings, rebellions, fights, and forays, there we are certain to find the Arab at work, heaping on the fuel and poking the fire. His effect is curiously out of proportion to his numerical strength, which at the best of times must have been scanty. The typical "Arab" host is composed of every kind of mongrel element under the sun—Orientals, Nubians, niggers, half-castes—among which the genuine Arabs are but a handful. Yet these supply the impetus and the driving power. A handful of Arabs, in the great East and West duel of the crusades, led on the East, and still we speak of those armies which foiled us on the Syrian plains as Arab or Saracen armies, tribesmen of the desert. A handful of Arabs led the North African hillmen to the invasion and conquest of Spain, and still we speak of the event as an Arab invasion and conquest. We identify a whole cause with the few ringleaders who were its inspiration, and no doubt in a sense we are right. It was the desert élan, the fiery and glancing Arab energy, which was the life spirit of these adventures and really set them in motion.

And with this racial influence the desert religion has always been inextricably involved and united. Fierce and hard, yet bracing and essentially virile, the Moslem faith exerts on backward and impure races the same stimulus which the Arab character and example exert. The "be proud" of Islam is of more effect on such races than the "be humble" of Christianity. Thus the sphere of operations of these two forces, Islam and the Arab, is identical and is clearly marked. Their action is restricted to those in the semi-barbaric stage of development. On the downtrodden, the enslaved, and the retrograde they act as a spur goading to fresh effort and the assertion of a virile independence. On the intellectual races they do not operate.

But the desert is the source of the Arab and Moslem influences not merely in the sense in which Palestine is the source of Christianity, or Greece the home of Hellenism. It is not only the place of origin of forces which can be transplanted and can operate successfully elsewhere. It is more than this; it is a perpetually present inspiration and necessary condition of health and vigour of that which it originated. Nothing in history is more curious than the necessity which has always existed for the desert race and the desert religion to keep touch with the desert if they would maintain their own vitality. The headlong fury of the first Arab exodus is remarkable enough; but not less remarkable is the immediate lassitude and disintegration which set in directly that first energy was expended.

Alone among nations the Arabs have proved feebler in the civilised than in the barbaric stage. The desert ardour as it cooled in them was replaced by none of that power which springs from the sense of social union, and while they lost the strength of nomads they never attained the strength of citizens. Everywhere they were driven back upon the deserts of Arabia and North Africa, but when, in her turn, Europe followed them thither, and after easily surviving the coast towns and country ventured within the sphere of influence of the desert itself, she once more encountered adversaries who had recovered under the conditions favourable to their race their old fierceness of spirit and that terrible impetuosity which was their sole military virtue. Both France and England learned, and paid for the lesson, the difference between the Moors of cities and the Bedouins of the desert.

All history is a comment on this difference. The atmosphere of cities is to the Arab fatal. Not Baghdad nor Cordova but the desert has been the seat of his real influence and power. He retains his characteristic virtues only so long as he is in contact with the conditions which called them forth. In the same way it is the desert that has always maintained the standard of Moslem orthodoxy and efficiency, that keeps watch and ward over the faith it propagated, that, through the constant stream of pilgrims drawn to its shrines, exhales the spirit that vivifies all Islam. Does it seem strange to the reader that wastes of sand and barren rock should possess such ascendancy over a race and a faith? It would not seem strange to him if he had experienced the desert and desert life. The fierce heat, the pure, thin air that vibrates on the senses, the desolation that imposes on all who inhabit here the need of stern endurance, the prevailing lawlessness that delegates to every individual the custody of his own life and property and honour, these causes, acting on the same race for hundreds of generations, have stamped their mark not only on character and temperament but on ideas and ethics. They have generated men, self-reliant, indomitable, arrogant, proud, fierce, and courageous, men endued in a high degree with those virile virtues which at a certain stage of development have satisfied all races, but which the Arab race has remained satisfied with permanently; and they have generated a creed in which these virtues and this view of life are consecrated and embodied; a creed which, thin-thoughted as it is, and totally wanting in richness and depth, is of all creeds that which stands by a man best in the assertion of his own individuality. Mohammedanism is the Arab life, as it has been lived in the desert for centuries, turned into a precept and a gospel. It is the exaltation of the virtues which are taught by the desert itself and the necessities of the desert. In life and religion the standard thus upheld is a consistent one, and it appeals irresistibly to all who have not reached, or passed, the stage of the simply virile ideal.

Thus then the desert acts. It maintains and renews the Arab and Moslem influences by bringing to bear upon them constantly, from day to day, the very same conditions and circumstances out of which they originally arose. Nothing changes in this stricken land, where man and man's ideals share the immobility of nature. The life and scenery described by the poets of Mohammed's time are the life and scenery described by Doughty to-day. The elements and makings of a race and a religion still exist in the desert and still act. They are to be felt by all who breathe the desert's scorching air and tread its floor of sand, and they are the one means of initiation which exists into the inner nature of that race and faith. It follows that a book like Mr. Doughty's *Travels*, a book containing the most intimately true and penetrating account of desert life ever written, is something more than a description of tents and camels. It is, in its vividness and truth and power, an interpretation of primitive influences ever present in the desert and ever active. It suggests to the thoughtful reader a conception of this vast abode of desolation and death as the perpetual generating-place of vital racial and spiritual forces. All that we here experience, the toilsome, bitter wanderings, the ceaseless feuds and forays, the nakedness of the land, the hard and frugal fare, the fierce heat and tingling, fine air, become, as it were, like plastic, soft fingers steadily at work restoring and

renovating an old ideal. In connexion with these experiences let the reader think of all that Islam and the Arab have done and failed to do in the world, and he will find that in this book he holds a clue to the character of two of the most potent influences that have ever acted upon human affairs.

## VERSE, VIEWS, AND NONSENSE.

- “Mammon and His Message”: Being the Second Part of “God and Mammon.” By John Davidson. London: Grant Richards. 1908. 5s. net.
- “Sacred and Profane Love” and other Poems. By Alfred Austin, Poet Laureate. London: Macmillan. 1908. 4s. 6d. net.
- “The Chinese Lantern”: A Play. By Laurence Housman. London: F. Sidgwick. 1908. 3s. 6d. net.
- “The Irish Poems of Alfred Percival Graves.” Dublin: Maunsell. 1908. 2s. net.

FOR some years past Mr. John Davidson seems to have been trying the heroic task of showing that a poet can swallow modern science and philosophy, conjectures and experiments, without being any the worse for it. The result could not in any case be conclusive, since he was not a poet of the first order to begin with, even if he was more than a brilliant versifier with more ideas than most of his contemporaries rolled together. What he has done in reality has been to show that the poetry in him has succeeded in co-existing with his science. What he hoped to do and might have done—enrich his nature by science so that his poetry in its turn should be the richer—he has not done. When he is most a poet there is no trace of his reading. Perhaps the most felicitous set of verses which he has published during the last six years is “A Runnable Stag”, and where is the science in that verse:

“When he turned at bay in the leafy gloom,  
In the emerald gloom where the brook ran deep,  
He heard in the distance the rollers boom,  
And he saw in a vision of peaceful sleep,  
In a wonderful vision of sleep,  
A stag of warrant, a stag, a stag,  
A runnable stag in a jewelled bed,  
Under the sheltering ocean dead,  
A stag, a runnable stag.”

The form, indeed, is of the twentieth century, and decadent at that, but the natural history is a piece of barely tolerable archaism. “Mammon and His Message” is a very different thing. It is a continuation of “The Triumph of Mammon”, and both are dramatic poems in five acts depicting the Titanic personality of one Prince Mammon, who bids his people

“Men  
Belov’d, women adored, my people, come  
Devise with me a world worth living in—  
Not for our children and our children’s children,  
But for our own renown, our own delight! . . .”

He reaches the kingship by fraud, lying, and violence, like many another king; but he is also a philosopher. The plays are about as dramatic as Marlowe’s “Tamburlaine”. In fact there are other resemblances. Mammon is as inexorable and ridiculously successful as Tamburlaine; he talks as much bombast; and the blank verse, if not as sweet as Marlowe’s, is upon the same model. With the ideas of the play and the vigorous Epilogue it is impossible to deal in a short space. According to his own choice, each reader will be for or against them in different degrees; but, without any bias against them, it is impossible to say that they justify the medium of verse and the dramatic form. Instead of poetry, the philosophy becomes rhetoric and rant. Mammon rants all through the play—nearly all through; for there are places where Mr. Davidson’s noble tenderness, for example, has prevailed, and others where the rhetoric is of the highest order, being forcible, fresh and brief, and all but poetry. We did not think that his “Testaments” gave the fullest play to what was best in him; they also were in blank verse and

encouraged his verbosity: but being monologues they gave a fair excuse for the indulgence of his powerful egoism, which is, in the two first parts of the “Mammon” trilogy, tiresome and out of place.

Had we chanced to read Mr. Davidson just after Mr. Austin our opinion of the uncrowned poet might have been different. For at his worst Mr. Davidson has a respectable vigour, and he holds views which are not attained without spiritual labour, while Mr. Austin is entirely without vigour and has no views at all, though he too is an unconcealed egoist and insufferably verbose. He is at his best in expressing the cloistered sweetness of an English garden, or of the choicest southern English country, with gentle hills, no sea, no bad weather, no poverty to be thought of. His “Sing, thrush, on the hornbeam bough” and the like carry on Tennyson’s tradition in a charming way, and there are a few pieces in this new volume which are not unworthy of his best. But very few; as a rule his imperfect ear, or his commonplace sentiment, or his lack of a real sense of style, spoils his effects. And in the majority of the pieces he aims at other things and succeeds only in being trite, as in “A Shakespeare Memorial”, “A Question Answered”, “Primacy of Mind”, and the title poem; braggart as in “If they dare”; pompous in all. His sonnets, in particular, are flawless examples of pomposity, as in “Any Poet at Any Time”:

“Time, thou supreme inexorable Judge,  
Whom none can bribe, and none can overawes;  
Who unto party rancour, private grudge,  
Calmly opposeth equitable law,  
Before whom advocacy vainly strives  
To make the better cause to seem the worse,  
To thy Tribunal, when our jangling lives  
Are husht, I leave the verdict on my verse.  
Irrevocably then wilt thou proclaim  
What should have been, what now must ever be,  
If in oblivion perish should my name,  
Or shine aloft in mighty company.  
I to my kind proffering of my poor best,  
Remit to Time’s arbitrament the rest.”

Mr. Housman relies little upon verse in his new play, far more upon nonsense and sentiment. It takes place in a Chinese studio, and the characters are students, apprentices, craftsmen, “A Master of Arts”, his wife and son, a bottle-washer, a Korean slave-girl, and Wiowani, an “Old Master”, the long-dead painter of the picture which is the centre of the play. The students revel and squabble; the “Master of Arts” harangues; and the bottle-washer and slave-girl make love, in the end successfully. It is a piece of clever fun, neither naturally exuberant nor perfectly elaborated. It seems to be the result of an attempt to develop the musical comedy into a farce that shall be sentimental, even pathetic, and without vulgarity. Had it succeeded it could have been classed with “Alice in Wonderland”. The pathetic part, the despair of the slave-girl in her pidgin English, the bullying of the mistress, the disappearance of the bottle-washer into the picture,—all this has come right. Some of the revelry, too—the chorus of students singing their cat song, for example—is spirited enough. But in the nonsense we are conscious at every point of the author’s struggle to create a ridiculous style and to invent jokes and plays upon words. We see him aiming and we see what he is aiming at, but we also never forget these things. Nevertheless, it was a happy venture on the stage, and it points the way to something which Mr. Housman may yet achieve.

Mr. Graves must depend for his readers on the fascination of his “Father O’Flynn”, and without the melody that would be but small. Dr. Hyde’s preface, indeed, tells us that the book is interesting “not only for itself but also for the way in which it shows how the modern Irish-Ireland renaissance has already affected, and may in the future much more affect, the tone of Anglo-Irish poetry,” and he quotes one example. But beyond the use of Irish names, stories and phrases, and an occasional imitation of the popular song, we see nothing essential which is not to be found in many a book of verse which is not Anglo-Irish. The narrative poems are lively and of the kind that is best in recitation. The translations from the early Irish, through Dr. Kuno Meyer’s prose,

are aptly done. But as the narratives need recitation, so the lyrics need a tune. This, for example :

Ah ! why, Patrick Sarsfield, did we let your ships sail  
Away for French Flanders from green Inisfail ?  
For far from your country you lie cold and low ;  
Ah ! why, Patrick Sarsfield, ah ! why did you go ?  
We pray'd, Patrick Sarsfield, to see you sail home,  
Your flag waving victory above the white foam.  
But still in our fetters, poor slaves, we live on ;  
For, oh ! Patrick Sarsfield, for oh ! you are gone !

Only music can give such verses wings, and with some not even music would avail.

#### ANTI-FOXE.

"The English Martyrs." Edited by John Hungerford Pollen S.J. Privately printed for the Catholic Record Society. 1908.

THIS is not an *Acta Martyrum*, but an odd collection of unpublished documents relating to Elizabeth's victims during the last twenty years of her reign. We say Elizabeth's, though it was only her high-handedness and that of her successor which restrained Parliament from erecting a gallows for Papists at every cross-road—a fact which the devotees of "constitutional liberty" would do well to perpend. On the other hand, it was the authority of the Sovereign over her subjects which had been the real issue in dispute ever since, on 23 May, 1570, Felton audaciously affixed to the Bishop of London's gateway the bull "Regnans in excelsis", wherein Pope Pius V. declared Elizabeth excommunicate and Englishmen released from their allegiance to her. She retorted by an Act making communion with Rome treasonable. Before long a stream of black internationals—seminarists and clergymen of the Society of Jesus—began to ooze through England; and, though a declaration was obtained from the suppliant Gregory XIII. that the bull of deposition might be ignored "rebus sic stantibus", the latter part of the reign was full of plotting, projected invasion and attempted assassination. One bloody law after another was enacted against the papal myrmidons and everyone who aided or countenanced them, and the land was filled with spies, informers and priest-hunters. As for the ordinary, quiet adherents of Rome, "most miserable", said Coke at Garnet's trial, "was their state; for either they must be hanged for treason in resisting their lawful Sovereign, or cursed by the Pope for yielding due obedience to her Majesty". The single-minded enthusiasts from Doway and Rheims might be eager for martyrdom, but the Lancashire squires or provincial tradesman was not.

It is probably a revelation to the average Briton nurtured on Foxe's picturesque and moving inexactitudes that the other side had any martyrs. When told that under the penal laws some two hundred men and women were put to death, many of them after torture, besides multitudes who were fined and imprisoned, he rejoins that they must have suffered as traitors, not as Romanists. What is the truth? Wakeman's review of the facts leads him to the conclusion that "the vast majority of them were prosecuted for simply obeying their ordinary religious duties. Against two-thirds not one single piece of evidence of an overt act of treason was even alleged". It was a severely punishable offence for those who had rallied to their country's cause against the Spanish peril to hear Mass; it was death to say it. On the other hand, the martyrs under Elizabeth can hardly be classed in the same category with those who suffered under Mary, whose life and throne were not in danger in the same imminent way as those of her sister were. Elizabeth was too much of a Gallio to be a persecutor of error as such. But she was at death-grips with a system which had decreed her an outlaw from Christendom and her crown forfeited. This was, of course, equivalent to a decree of death, either judicial or by the dagger. The person of an ex-rex had no sacredness. Ferocious, then, as the retaliation was, we cannot wonder that politics and religious faith had become indistinguishable.

Father Pollen could not be expected to look at this

matter impartially, and probably he considers that Henry's bastard daughter deserved any fate, though he says absurdly that everybody knew assassination could not be permitted. But in the mouth of a follower of Mariana and Suarez the stock phrases about religious toleration are as irritating as the complaints of the Gracchi about sedition. He should reflect that behind the pitiable narratives of loyal heroism which he has edited stood an inexorable cause—that august but incredible claim of the Papacy, "*in terra imperia, regna, principatus et omnium hominum possessiones pro meritis tollere unicuique et concedere*". Ever since Gregory VII.'s deposition of the Emperor Henry IV. Christ's vicar and substitute had claimed an absolute plenitude of power over Christian men's lives, liberties and possessions, to build and to plant all governments and jurisdictions, to root out, to pull down and destroy them, to be the sole source of every earthly authority, rule and pre-eminence. The belief that government must rest on an immutable basis, not one of mere expediency, was common to all mediaeval thinkers. But when it was claimed (as by Clement VII.) that the Pope "habet omnia jura in scrinio suo", or that an unsatisfactory king may be dismissed by the Pope like a roguish groom by his master, a counter-theory, pitting imperialist Ghibelline against papalist Guelf, maintained that kingship also has a supernatural sanction, and nations their ecclesiastical and civil rights. The divine right of kings, an immemorial belief of mankind, was thus revived as a Liberal, or at least anti-clerical, doctrine, though as supplying a mystical basis to politics it had the opposite tendency. It came to a head in the Reformation, which was even more a nationalist than a doctrinal movement. The deposing power has slept for three centuries. But as put forth against Elizabeth it meant a life and death struggle in which no Englishman could stand neutral. When Pius V. launched the fatal bull, he fancied that almost all England would rise against the heretic usurper, and had no conception of the suffering he was bringing on his faithful followers. They were cruelly forced by Elizabeth's judges to say whether they thought her not only Queen of England but supreme Head and Governess in ecclesiastical causes, though she had herself repudiated the headship as profane. The last legal "Head of the Church of England" was Mary Tudor, who dropped the title after 1553. Elizabeth's style was "Supreme Governour", as is that of Edward VII.

The distinction between the words Protestant and Puritan comes out in these pages, and it is noticeable to find the "Protestant" spectators at an execution shouting "We be all Catholics". The details of some of these hangings and quarterings are horribly gruesome—as when the priest Pilchard assisted the hangman in his own disembowelling, or a layman named Peeke was pinned to the scaffold through his hands by the officers' halberds while being cut up alive. Sometimes a prisoner was gagged, to prevent his addressing the people. Pilchard, on the contrary, had plugged his ears with wool, so as not to be pestered with exhortations to repentance. It is curious that Robert Sutton, who was quartered at Stafford, had been parson of Lutterworth. "He first tould all his parishes owt of the Pulpit that he had taught them false doctrine and willed them to embrace the Catholickie Faith, which then himself ment to followe, and presently tooke his iorney." Who can read these old papers to-day for the first time and not feel their poignancy? Father Pollen has transcribed them with great skill and accuracy. We are not certain, on page 80, that he is familiar with the phrase "even-Christian"—i.e. fellow-Christian. The series has a binding, we would suggest, hardly worthy of the excellent printing and paper.

#### A GUIDE TO GRANADA.

"Granada: Present and Bygone." By Albert F. Calvert. London : Dent and Co. 1908. 6s.

IT is perhaps a pity that in the preface the author has set out with a consuming desire "to make better known its (Granada's) manifold beauties".

There was one Washington Irving who had already done this service to the City of the Pomegranate for all time. Still it is nice to consider oneself a Columbus,

even if thousands have landed on our Guanahani before oneself.

Granada is about as well known as Bruges or Oxford, so that the "care with which we wrote him" (to quote a classic) is in this case unnecessary. Mr. Calvert has worked Spain "for all it is worth", and a fairly good mine it seems to have been to him, in the way of honours and notoriety.

He has written some very middling books about the country, so that one is ready to hail "Granada" with acclamation, as it is neither so commonplace, nor so jejune, as its fellows. In fact it is a nicely written and well-got-up book, beautifully illustrated and full of information. Moreover the services of someone well acquainted either with the Arabic chroniclers, or with Gayangos' translations of them, has been retained. The result is a very compendious and clear summary of the chief events in the lives of the last dynasty of Mohamedan kings, which is presented to the reader in a succinct form.

This supplies a want, for to those who do not read Spanish or Arabic nothing exists, on the subject, which is not a mass of verbiage, excepting always the works of Dozy and Schack, both originally (we think) written in German.

Especially liberal and unbiased is the view the author takes of Boabdil, the last Sultan. Christian writers, notably Gines Perez de Hita, and to some extent Marmol and Hurtado de Mendoza, have left the impression on the minds of those who read their works, that Boabdil was a weak trifler, to whom the ruin of his country was due. Nothing is farther from the truth. He was, in fact, a gallant, but unfortunate warrior ("fiel pero desdichado"), who struggled on, against overwhelming odds, to the very last.

It is, as Mr. Calvert points out, no more a disgrace to him to have entered into compacts with the Christians than it was for Mohamed ibn Yusuf ibn al Ahmar, the founder of the dynasty, to do the same. In this connexion it hardly seems probable, as is asserted on page 19, that the word "Ahmar" was the name of this potentate's tribe. Had it been so, surely it should have stood "el Ahmari", though we have never heard of an Arab tribe of that time. The word probably means "the Red", and was perhaps applied to him from the colour of his hair or complexion.

This mistake or slip is the more strange on account of the extreme accuracy with which most of the other Arabic names and words are written in the book. Even "Abencerrage", which in its Spanish form is quite unintelligible, appears as "Beni Serraj" (the Sons of the Saddle), and the etymology is at once made clear. In some respects the accuracy in Arabic names seems to be a little too much insisted on, as, for instance, in the phrase "Patio del Mexuar", which last word is good enough Arabic, but which is more easily understood by English readers in its English form of "Audience". There is in Tlemcen and in Fez, and probably in most other North African towns, a "Patio del Mexuar" ("Court of Audience"), and no doubt in Mohamedan times that was the name it bore in Granada.

The book is excellently adapted for travellers and treats, perhaps, more fully of the town of Granada, as well as of the Alhambra itself, than any other book upon the subject which is easily attainable. As it is not deficient in humour, a quality greatly wanting in others of the writer's publications, it is certain to be well received.

There are one or two little errors which might easily have been avoided, as, for instance, the styling of the old vagabond, who is represented on page 191, "The late King of the Gypsies". The old scamp, who had no more pretensions to the title than has the author (or his poor reviewer), bore a name not suitable for ears polite, so that for fear of the angels we do not write it down. In the days of our youth there was a worthy blacksmith, who played splendidly on the guitar (the Spanish saying is, that to play the guitar no science is required, only perseverance and strength of wrist), who was indeed the gypsy king. Whether the worthy man has left heirs, lawfully begotten of his body, we do not know. Perhaps the incoming wave of Socialism has invaded even gypsydom, and they now

have a president, or the "affairs of Egypt" are managed by a county council of some sort. This little instance of "lèse-majesté", and the reproduction of a kind of turnpike Turk, standing in the "alfeizar" (we write "alfeizar" merely to give local colour) of a window, are the sole lapses in the illustrations. The much discussed question of the pictures in the Hall of Justice the author treats with much acumen and diplomatically without expressing his opinion too definitely, a method that might be followed with advantage by writers on Morto da Feltre, and other masters who flourished hypothetically, and whose works have come down to us quite untouched by their hands.

Travellers—and we take it that it is to travellers that the author chiefly dedicates his book—will find it excellent to carry in their hand as they roam in the Alhambra and through the Zacatin. Everyone who knows Granada, and who has stood looking out on the Vega, as the sun just tinges the snow red, at sunset on Mulhacén, will be grateful to the writer for having carefully noted and set down so many details of the old crumbling tower.

#### NOVELS.

"Three Miss Graemes." By S. Macnaughtan. London: Murray. 1908. 6s.

In "Three Miss Graemes" Miss Macnaughtan tells a story which chiefly impresses us by its grace and beauty, though there is a certain hiatus in the presentation which requires either courage or obtuseness on the part of the reader to overcome. The three sisters have been brought up in feudal simplicity and domestic magnificence in a castle on a lone Scotch island. Apart from their father and governess, retainers and servants are the only people they see until a few days before Captain Graeme's death, when Major Hanbury visits the dying laird. The death of their father reduces the sisters from the position of Highland princesses to that of penniless girls, who have to let their home for £400 a year that they may live. When we are asked to contemplate Helen, the eldest of these girls, who has lived in the world of romance and faith to whom King Arthur has been more of a reality than her own aunt, planted in dingy Chelsea apartments, totally dependent upon needy people, we find it impossible to realise and fail to grasp her attitude of mind at all—it is a little difficult to believe that she has one. We wonder whether it is possible for any woman to accomplish the feat of Helen's aunt, who has a house in Onslow Gardens, five indoor servants and a brougham on £1,200 a year. Miss Macnaughtan indeed shows something of the ignorance of the limitations of money which her heroine feels; at times, too, she keeps insufficient control of her sentences, as when she writes: "There was a lady in the boat who talked in a voice as clear as a child's, somewhat low-pitched, as the tuneful Scottish habit is, and evidently belonging to a young girl". In spite of these defects we have enjoyed her pictures of a regal young beauty whose mind matches her appearance and who walks triumphantly through bitter ways back to her own castle in the end:

"St. David of the Dust." By Mrs. Fred Reynolds. London: Hurst and Blackett. 1908. 6s.

There is imagination in this book; the author has a fresh and vivid feeling for nature, and can enter with sympathy into the daily life of an out-of-the-way Welsh village. But it is not a novel which will appeal to lovers of incident. David, nameless child of a betrayed woman, who reaches the village only to die, is adopted by kindly cottagers, and grows up unlike other children a dreamer and mystic, aloof from human passions, deficient in worldly knowledge. Mrs. Reynolds perhaps stretches a point in making him produce written verse, famous after his untimely death: the lad whom she depicts would surely have been inarticulate. He was a dreamer, not an artist. When an English painter, prosperous but cynical and disillusioned, comes to the village, the reader can easily guess his connexion with the story of the strange boy who attracts his notice. The character study of David makes an inadequate foundation for a novel, but the book has a charm of its own.

"The Gates that Shall Not Prevail." By Herbert M. Farrington. London: Lane. 1908. 6s.

We all know what to expect, in a novel, when a cynical and somewhat dissolute painter comes under the influence of an ascetic young clergyman. We also can guess that a beautiful woman with no morals who meets the clergyman will assuredly try to seduce him. Mr. Farrington does not attempt to foil our expectations; but Brother Paul, who has power to enlist in the cause of righteousness alike the East-end hooligan and the West-end roué, and who embarks on a Socialist campaign in what has become, in fiction, quite the conventional style, is at any rate much more of a live man than the scheme of the book might suggest to those who have read other essays in the same genre. For the author of this book, unlike his rivals on the same ground, is not devoid of humour.

#### PICTURE BOOKS.

"Liège and the Ardennes." Painted by Amedée Forestier. Text by George W. T. Omord. 7s. 6d.

"Montreux." Painted by J. Hardwick Lewis. Described by Francis H. Grible. 7s. 6d.

"Tyrol." Painted by E. Harrison Compton. Described by W. A. Baillie-Groham. 6s.

"Galloway." Painted by James Faed, jun. Described by J. M. Sloan. 6s.

Publishers: Black, London. 1908.

Several hours have passed pleasantly in turning over the pictures in these profusely illustrated volumes and in dipping here and there into the text which accompanies them. We say "profusely illustrated" because in picture-books it is a phrase which one learns from publishers and which cannot be escaped. As to the text, with the strict adherence of Mr. Silas Wegg to the truth as to the extent of his reading of the Decline and Fall of the Rooshian Empire, we cannot say we have quite read every word of them. That way mental indigestion with a sequel of madness would lie; but from what we have gathered in reading, now of Liège and the Ardennes, now of the Tyrol and Montreux, and anon of Galloway, we believe that in more favourable circumstances we could read any of them through with great pleasure. The more favourable circumstances we are thinking of would be if we were about to make a tour in any of these highly interesting districts, or if

we had made one. Then we are persuaded we should read eagerly in anticipation or retrospective and should thank each and all of these writers for their "profuse" information about the mountains and lakes and castles and churches and moors and vineyards and a surprising amount of historical and legendary and antiquarian lore given in good, plain, readable English, without any of the gush and efforts at fine writing which was common in the primitive days of the guide-book. Mr. Omord says of his book on Liège and the Ardennes: "The whole story cannot be told within the compass of a few pages, but enough may be set down to excite, perhaps, the interest of those who may chance to travel in this part of Europe." This might be set as a motto to all these books, and we should add that without doubt they ought to accomplish their purpose.

"The Path to Paris." By Frank Rutter. Illustrations by Hanslip Fletcher. London: Lane. 1908. 10s. 6d.

With this book we get away from the coloured picture into the black and white which give us at least the forms of things. Without worrying either publisher or reader with more ambitious than effective efforts, Mr. Hanslip Fletcher's drawings, with their etching-like effects, are far more suitable for illustrating the kind of books we have been describing. The "Path" is the route along the Seine from Havre to Paris, Mr. Rutter supplying the rambling record of this riverside promenade taken by himself and his artist companion on bicycles. There are 68 pictures and 223 pages, one to every three pages or thereabouts, and they are cleverly done as well as being interesting reproductions of notable scenes, some of them not wholly unwritten about and pictured before. In such a tour the artist takes first place and gives his companion the law by his choice of subject. Mr. Rutter has done his part of the book-making skilfully, and does not overdo the stock humours of a voyage of this kind. He does his "ruining" and his descriptions and moralising and art disquisitions with a light touch, and gives the tour an air of personal originality. The effect of the whole, text and pictures, is agreeable.

"The Tower of London." Painted by John Fulleylove. Described by Arthur Poyser. London: Black. 1908. 7s. 6d. net.

The Tower is conscientiously painted and described by these two partners whom Messrs. Black have set to work as they have set so many others. Mr. Poyser writes a general historical introduction and then introduces us methodically to what is to be seen in a "Walk Through the Tower", "A Walk Round the Tower",

(Continued on page 120.)

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"Tower Hill", and "Allhallows, Barking-by-the-Tower". He laments that the story of the Tower has not been illuminated sufficiently by the imagination of great writers. Shakespeare has only written scenes; Scott has only had chapters; and we gather that Gilbert and Sullivan in their "Yeomen of the Guard" have more than anything brought "the old Tower nearer to our hearts and perhaps to our understanding". If Mr. Poyer sees more imaginative possibilities in the Tower than the great writers themselves appear to have seen, we must say that he himself has cast little of charm over his descriptions. The facts after all which he has to relate, and which he does sufficiently well, are horrors. But Mr. Poyer is quite right in protesting against the present arrangements which turn an impressive historic monument into a vulgar show place. Its significant features are erased and the atmosphere of the past is utterly destroyed. You may walk with about as much emotion through the Tower as you may climb the Monument. If Mr. Poyer's readers on "the prairies of Manitoba or in the Australian Bush" would keep their imagination of romance and picturesque crime and punishment unsullied, they should be content with his book and not "do" the Tower with its refreshment buffet reminiscent of the music-hall humour of Dan Leno.

All these books are illustrated in colour. We should say the work is quite up to the ordinary standard of three-colour printing, but we cannot say we share the enthusiasm of those who apply the word "beautiful" to such illustrations. Colour printing by this modern method is not making the progress which was expected of it a few years ago. It is as yet far inferior to good photogravure work; and we doubt whether the best specimens of it are even so good to the trained eye as the best specimens of ordinary half-tone photographic work. The truth is book illustration to-day is on the whole far behind the book illustration of thirty or forty years ago. It does not often add anything of real value to the text of a good book, whereas the old school of illustrators, by their line work, and by the conscientious way in which they threw themselves into the ideas of the author, often did something to increase the enduring worth of a book. Book illustration may have a future, as it has certainly had a past; but its present is not very distinguished. It is too showy as a rule, and the artist is too independent of the author.

#### THEOLOGY.

"Positive Preaching and the Modern Mind." By P. T. Forsyth. London: Hodder and Stoughton. 1907. 7s. 6d. net.

We do not know when we have met with a more vigorous attack on the central conventions of religious Liberalism than this "Lyman Beecher Lecture on Preaching", delivered last year to the Yale students. It is transatlantically epigrammatic and incisive without being transatlantically smart, except when orthodox theology is described as canned theology gone stale. Here is an aggressive Protestant, who regards preaching as the greatest of sacraments. But he is so convinced that the accepted formulas of Liberalism strike at the root of the Gospel that he tears it with hawk-like directness. Having re-edited and bowdlerised human nature, Liberalism makes of Christian pity a factory of moral paupers, glorifies the publican with sanctimoniousness of pharisaic cant, and, forgetting *quanti ponderis sit peccatum*, has gone far to destroy the conception of sin and the doctrine of the Cross. "The effort of an accommodation theology is to substitute for the old faith something more human in its origin, more humane in its temper, more halting in its creed, more genial and more rational and more shallow." What a fallen world wants is not a vague thing called the Christian spirit, but the daily life of forgiveness, repentance and humiliation. God's love is not good-natured indulgence, but the "outgoing of His holiness, bent on reclaiming us, all bankrupt and defiant, to His full, rich, harmonious, eternal life". Christianity is not a phase of civilisation, nor is it man trying to lift himself by his own collar, but it is a system of grace and refuge from wrath to come. It cannot be watered down to mere ethics, nor yet to a sentiment—"rationalism always brings the sentimental as a sweet sauce to moisten its sapless drought". To the pseudo-Socialist Dr. Forsyth dares to say that "theology is a greater need than philanthropy", that the New Testament knows nothing of philanthropy but only of love of the brethren, that the reorganisation of society is a small matter compared with the reorganisation of the soul, the answer to whose needs lies in the past, not in the future. He asserts that Christ is the Redeemer and Saviour, not the mere friend, comrade, and representative, of mankind, that union with God is a higher aim than to make oneself busy with improving human conditions—called the establishment of Christ's kingdom—and that "the communion of saints is more to God than the enthusiasm of Humanity". It is refreshing to find someone courageous enough to say these and other unfashionable things, and able to say them racy. To find a writer who asks for the modernisation of theology castigating the "whiggish Apologists" and Alexandrians, and declaring that the Gospel triumphed through Athanasius, is certainly novel. The reader, however, is sure to want to know how Dr. Forsyth manages to retain his enthusiasm for sixteenth-century Puritanism, seeing that, even apart from a priori

probabilities, all experience has shown the inevitable descent of inorganic Protestantism into Liberalism and a merely humanitarian conception of religion.

"Studies in the Lives of the Saints." By Edward Hutton. London: Constable. 1907. 2s. 6d. net.

Fac me numerari inter sanctos Tuos. Mr. Hutton confesses that he shrinks from that sweet but awful and dread society. He has but drawn these saintly portraiture from the waist downward—the shoulders and head were beyond his sight. Must he that loveth his life really lose it for Christ's sake and the Gospel's? He cannot decide, he says, to-day. "Can a man ever really decide? Not in one day, nor in many days, nor in a whole life." These are the closing words of his little book, and they curiously illustrate the detached attitude of the modern man towards the life of renunciation, seeing its beauty, drawn by the inexorable magnetism of the Cross, yet doubting whether after all this warm earth was not meant to be enjoyed to the full, and whether it is not possible to make the best of both worlds. Mr. Hutton does not care about "social service" being the real Christianity, but he deprecates somewhat conventionally the saint's "egotism", his intent striving for his own perfection. Civilisation tends towards the average in everything; and we are fast substituting for the conception of Christian holiness that of a general level of average goodness and well-being. At the same time Mr. Hutton touches more than once on the sane simplicity and healthy common-sense of the saints, austere towards themselves but indulgent towards mankind. He might have said something too of their humour. For the childlike are never prigs. It is true, as he says, that they are not concerned with humanity for its own sake; but for the sake of Christ they are passionately humanitarian. It is impossible for the social reformer of our day to be a saint, because the social reformer of our day does not believe in sin. Yet the bitter cries of a fallen race will never be hushed, nor any great regeneration of society be possible, until a saint arises, making many saints and calling all to repentance. One lays down a book of this kind with a feeling of the unfathomable shallowness (the bull may be pardoned) of the gospels proclaimed by modern Liberalism. At the same time we find a little unreality, or at any rate pomposity, in some of the purple patches of Mr. Hutton, who is before all things a stylist.

"A Brief Discourse of the Troubles at Frankfort." Attributed to William Whittingham. Edited by E. Arber. London: Elliot Stock. 1908. 5s. net.

Professor Maitland made merry in the "Cambridge Modern History" over the dispute among the Marian exiles at Frankfort between the Coxians and Knoxians. The former were the very mild Anglicans who followed the lead of the future Bishop of Ely; the latter supported the reformer of Scotland, who filled up an interval of his busy life with an attempt to Calvinise England under Edward VI. All alike had to escape from Mary, and they fought out on the neutral soil of Frankfort a problem which was important to State as to Church. The question was, Should England stand alone, or throw in her cause with the common Protestant interest of the Continent? In the latter case a steady alliance against Spain could more surely be hoped for than if our country were isolated. The secular wisdom of the age was on the side of the Knoxians; till late in Elizabeth's reign they had the sympathy of Cecil, and the shrewd diplomatist Dr. Whittingham was strongly of the same mind. Keen Calvinist as he was, and in Genevan orders which he steadily refused to replace by English, he was a man of the older world, a clerical statesman whose reward for secular services was ecclesiastical preferment. He had served in embassies for Edward, fled under Mary, triumphed with Elizabeth, who gave him the Deanery of Durham, which he held in spite of opposition till his death. The parochial squabble and the dead liturgical issues here described would have no interest if they did not serve to show us vividly the life and thought of the age. There is humour, of a quite unconscious kind, about them; but Whittingham himself had a ready wit. At Mary's accession he reached Dover safely, but was told by the innkeeper that he must report his arrival to the magistrate. There was no help for it but to submit, though the result of the information would almost certainly be death. However, Whittingham put a brave face upon the matter, and conversed with his host about a fine greyhound he possessed. "Aye," said the host, "this greyhound is a fair greyhound indeed, and is of the Queen's kind." "Queen's kind!" said Master Whittingham. "What mean you by that? This is a strange speech! What good subject can endure to hear such words of his Sovereign? To have her Majesty to be compared in kind with the kind of a dog!" and said the words were very treasonable, and that he could not see how they could be excused if they should not go and acquaint the magistrate with it; and did so further aggravate the matter, even of purpose, as they did drive the host into such a fear as he durst not once mention the carrying of them before the magistrate any more, but was glad to be so freed from their encumbrance." The book is edited with Professor Arber's usual learning, but, as is his custom, on somewhat peculiar lines.

For this Week's Books see page 122.

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- BARRA CASTLE, ABERDEENSHIRE. By D. S. MacColl.
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THE Seventh Annual Ordinary General Meeting of the members of Raphael Tuck & Sons, Limited, was held on Tuesday, at Salisbury House, Finsbury Circus, E.C., Mr. Adolph Tuck (the Chairman of the Company) presiding.

The Secretary having read the notice convening the meeting and the auditors' report,

The Chairman said last year's pleasant anticipations had not been realised. Trade, which started well in the first months of the new financial year, began to exhibit a drooping tendency, and complaints which had been rare for some time among their competitors regarding its backwardness gradually reflected themselves in the reports and doings of their own representatives, who found it difficult to maintain their accustomed turnover. The printing presses of both America and Europe, and particularly those of Germany, had been kept busy reeling off edition after edition of post-cards till suddenly, with scarcely any falling off in the regular demand on the part of the American public, the supply, which had assumed altogether unwieldy proportions, compelled weak holders to sacrifice prices and to throw over the immense stocks which they found themselves unable to pay for. The losses of some of the foreign printers who had incautiously accepted orders from unreliable dealers were said to be very heavy, as much as £4,000 or £5,000 on individual transactions. This regrettable state of affairs quickly reacted on other than local markets, and the United Kingdom, so often the dumping ground of the surplus stocks of other countries, was naturally one of the first to feel its ill-effects. As a consequence the demand for the regular lines of post-cards produced by firms like theirs showed a considerable falling off during this sudden crisis. For themselves, he was glad to say that, with the advent of their new financial year, the company's trade bade fair to maintain a satisfactory, profitable turnover, and, for the coming season, he had every reason to hope that a satisfactory volume of trade might be looked for by them. They had prepared a splendid line of novelties. With the object of ensuring more direct and personal intercourse with Colonial and over-seas markets, the Chairman said his eldest son had been round the world, and the results achieved so far had exceeded expectations. His reception everywhere had been more than gratifying. The directors recommend a dividend on the ordinary shares at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum for the half-year ended April 30, 1908, making, with the interim dividend already paid on the ordinary shares, 6 per cent. for the year. This absorbed £7,500, and left £3,288 to be carried forward.

The motion for the adoption of the report was seconded by Sir A. Conan Doyle, and, after some discussion, carried unanimously, a vote of thanks to the directors and Mr. Adolph Tuck concluding the proceedings.

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<b>Mine.</b>									
DEVELOPMENT WORK— No. of feet driven, sunk and risen, exclusive of Stopes.	3,237' 5	3,127	3,003	3,294	3,036	2,583	3,149	3,835	7,136
Estimated Tonnage of Ore exposed by drives, &c. ..	91,928	147,168	158,869	105,932	111,003	208,646	113,285	133,410	1,314
STOPING— Tonnage Stoped, including Ore from development faces	66,360	118,088	109,901	80,108	111,486	113,070	124,854	112,886	49,789
Milling.	No. of Stamps in operation	100	200	300	100	175	160	200	60
Ore milled (tons) ..	60,355	103,700	95,460	61,663	97,925	100,745	112,835	105,407	96,890
Duty per Stamp per 24 hours (tons) .. .. ..	7,967	6,658	5,832	7,142	6,613	7,506	6,838	6,620	7,321
Total Tons treated .. .. ..	59,480	104,736	96,393	62,068	96,932	98,566	111,518	104,467	36,418
<b>Gold Production.</b>									
Milling (fine oz.) ..	13,422	21,974	20,976	14,206	25,214	40,360	33,812	34,603	10,349
Cyanidizing (fine oz.) ..	8,167	10,354	11,021	5,617	12,612	15,392	15,832	10,195	4,276
Total (fine oz.) ..	21,589	32,328	31,997	19,913	37,886	55,552	44,798	44,683	14,627
Total Yield per Ton Milled (fine dwt.) .. .. ..	7,153	6,234	6,703	6,453	7,725	11,114	8,737	6,602	7,930
<b>Total Working Expenses.</b>									
Cost .. .. ..	£62,547	£87,707	£90,779	£70,905	£105,235	£78,616	£92,327	£103,361	£47,387
Cost per Ton Milled .. .. ..	£1 0 876	£1 11 173	£1 19 0'232	£1 2 11'934	£1 1 5'916	£1 15 4'807	£1 16 4'381	£1 19 7'114	£1 5 8'295
<b>Revenue.</b>									
Value of Gold produced ..	£60,380	£136,277	£134,732	£134,034	£158,728	£134,638	£107,955	£16,087	£61,583
Value per Ton Milled .. .. ..	£1 10 0'191	£1 6 3'396	£1 8 2'726	£1 12 5'006	£1 12 3'015	£1 16 10'320	£1 7 8'649	£1 3 4'683	
<b>Working Profit.</b>									
Amount .. .. ..	£68,033	£8,489	£43,953	£13,038	£53,487	£156,081	£115,627	£49,896	£24,196
Per Ton Milled .. .. ..	£1 9 3'475	£1 9 4'283	£1 9 2'904	£1 4 2'746	£1 10 11'090	£1 11 1'908	£1 10 5'939	£1 8 1'512	£1 7 8'337
<b>Interest.</b>									
Credit .. .. ..	£414	£509	£469	£612	£1,439	£895	£1,742	£531	£37
Interest, Credit .. .. ..	£28,448	5 10	£48,999	6 11	£13,622	15 10	£15,846	11 11	£14,293
<b>Net Profit.</b>									
Estimated Amount of 10% Tax on Profits .. .. ..	£6,637	0 0	£3,401	0 0	£1,288	0 0	£15,811	0 0	£452
Reserve Gold (fine oz.) ..	8,186	2,176	2,867	3,574	4,100	5,712	5,742	6,834	3,680
Capital Expenditure ..	£1,304	11 7	Cr. £1,885	16 8	£1,293	12 4	£16,400	13 9	£16,781
Interim Dividends Declared.									
Payable to Shareholders registered on books at Rate per cent. .. .. ..	—	30th June, '08	30th June, '08	—	—	—	30th June, '08	—	—
Total amount of distribution .. .. ..	—	17 1 %	22 1 %	—	—	—	70 %	—	—
	£74,375	0 0	£67,500	0 0	—	—	£310,000	0 0	—

\* Including Freehold Revenue.

† Exclusive of 423 feet of development work done during the quarter, and charged to Capital Account.

† The above figures include the development work at No. 1 (New Vertical Shaft), comprising 992 feet, exposing 37,052 tons of ore, the cost of which has been charged to Capital Account.

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